

THE RADICAL.

JANUARY, 1868.

THE IDEA OF GOD.

AN ESSAY READ TO SOME FRIENDS.

I HARDLY dare write the word which is my subject. Did Oriental genius imagine God *ineffable*, because, like all else human lips articulate, He too becomes a phrase, different persons mean not the same thing by, so diverse that one theologian says to another: "Your God is my devil!" Contrary conception of God is at the bottom of all religious controversy. Whether to call Jesus Lord, as a common term given also to God, was the supposed issue in the famous New York and Syracuse Unitarian "Preamble." One side was thought to detract from Christ, the other from God. But the subjection of the Son to the Father, predicted by Paul, seems to have come to pass. The church puts off the time-beyond the shadows of death and grave-stones of all generations. But how gross to interpret Christ's resignation in God's favor as a literal scene and formal transaction, like giving up seals of office, or keys of a castle, or a regent's yielding the crown! No, Jesus is not visibly to dismount from his seat, doff a diadem and be deposed. But, as John the Baptist decreased before Jesus, Jesus decreases before God or the growing sense of God in the human soul. So the morning star wanes before the waxing moon, and the golden moon changes to a silver veil hanging torn on the face of the sky, before the rising sun. Christ's declension before God is no mark on the dial-plate of earth and sky, but an hour struck on the clock of thought, a date in the annals of the soul. When the mind is possessed of Him, whom purity of heart is the eye to see, what are other seers but our companions in vision, or beckoning us to sight, as on looking at Niagara, the Atlantic, or the Alps? The ambassador serves when the monarch is not by. But how the plenipotentiary is discounted, when the monarchs convene at Paris, or

one visits another at the Austiran Court! When, like John in the Revelation, *we* are "immediately in the spirit," heavenly heralds are displaced.

Access to God and a *way* of access! Is God then an outsider, remote, an island cut off from the main-land, reached only by some boat or bridge, the boldest swimmer swamped in the yeasty sea? Is He part of the upholstery of your edifice, reached through a door? No such separate body, and his creation no such separating thing! Approach to God or He to you? You are in Him now! You cannot project Him from you. He is the causeway you could go to Him by. He is within the focus of your sight, so involved in your nature, you cannot find the line of union. Conscious of this identity, you can but sympathize with others alike conscious. Though they be miracle-workers, messengers from paradise, foretellers of the millennium, they cannot come in between.

But is there not one exception, the incarnate Son of God, born of a virgin, begotten of no man? What is Divine sonship? Less of human parentage, a moiety of flesh by leaving out the sire? Then Adam were more the Son of God than Christ: for in him, says the popular Genesis, not half, but all human parentage was left out. Is woman the holy vessel, and man's part in generation impure? Then why not *daughter* of God, as well as Son? From the world's foundation, were but two women, Mary and her mother, without spot? Then are *our* mothers no virgins because wives, bereft of sanctity by bearing us with pain in the marriage-bond, that earthly father as well as heavenly we might have? O fathers and mothers, long withdrawn from sight, putting all our parentage into the home ye have gone to, becoming our brothers and sisters in the household which owns but one eternal Head, did you stain us so in making, that our birth-mark has got to be washed off? No! in the name of the maker of flesh and spirit. There are not two kinds of childhood with God, Christ's and yours. There can be, apart from all the rest, no brother near the throne, no single son, but from all eternity children none can count, as the physiologist tells us there was originally an ocean of the germs of life.

In affirming this growing sense of God, to limit Christ's reign, we mean no affront to history, no branding of providence as folly, the church as a superfluity, or christendom as a curse. While men could not imagine the unity of the world, something less than infinity they must adore. Through what a stretch of unintelligent ages Christ seemed the best and greatest God they could entertain! As much as one's life was worth to question his Divinity. With God he coin-

cided if he did not co-extend. The line of moral beauty ran through his life. But when we come to see Him, by whom the line is drawn, to the Constituent our homage must be transferred.

The test of a man is how much he can include in God. A destroyer or devil, admitted to rival him, is the amputation of piety. Will you put sunshine and bloom into the Deity, and leave rock and cloud out? You diminish so much the object of your devotion. Discern him in your disaster as in your success, and to you, as to him, the night shineth as the day. As the grim ledge yonder binds the earth from bursting like an over-swift mill-wheel, so stores of stumbling are rooted ramparts of the soul. Sorrow and sin educate you, as medicine is in arsenic and the adder's tongue. The evil power is absorbed in the good, and his falsely claimed territory annexed. Christ is no undivided third part of the Godhead, like some land we have title to in common. As we speak of provisional bishops every priest or prophet is provisional. So we say, not from curious wish to build Cretan labyrinths of criticism, not from determination of blood to the head, but to and from the heart, from the instinct of worship, wanting to pay it, and know whom to pay it to. To comprehend God even in Christianity, were to exhaust a principle in its illustration. To contract him to one incarnation were to make all other flesh atheistic. To call him High and Lofty, as we do in our prayers, holds him up as a pattern for our pride, when he is as humble as he is high. By seven mouths empties the Nile; but what myriad channels, of grace and nature, are his!

We affirm this rising perception not as matter of policy. It is poor policy. Radicals are not very fat-looking people. They have not got to the Canaan, flowing with milk and honey. As Garibaldi told those to come to his standard who were in love with death, the wounded and dead are the sleepers of the road over which the train of liberty shall finally roll. So, if you be a self-seeker, enter not the services of ideas. More kicks than coppers still for the free thinkers; and a hundred coppers do not comfort as much as one kick hurts! They are doomed to the disappointment they deserve, whose personal ambition rushes to the van of reform. Stick to the sectarian drill, if you would earn the unwholesome mince pie of praise. My younger brothers,—Radicals, so called,—I doubt not the final establishment of your faith. I am anxious only for the sweetness, humility, love and tolerance in your character. Failure of that is failure of your Idea.

Denying his embodiment in any man, our trouble is to define God; the mistake with us all is to put definition for feeling, till, though great

to us, he is not infinite. As America is a great country, but bounded by the lakes and gulf, and either sea, so we bound God by hell, and the devil, fence him in Scriptures, put him in pound in church. But it is not He, only our notion of him. Place Him in limits, under keepers, He does not stay! You can pump out the air from a jar, but not his breath. Anything without him, one pin's prick of essential disease, would mar the Universe. God saw everything he had made, and behold it was very good. There is a point of view where we see it too. But the serpent, the Fall, and the curse? These were no accidents! Adam and Eve doubtless gazed sadly back at the flaming sword, on the garden walls. But how small a place was the garden, how large the world! Does Satan obstruct God? Satan, who is he? What did Job find him but a tool? The *deuce* what but God's double, who presented himself meekly before Him at the outset, to try his servant, was never a moment out of his hand, and returned like a newspaper scribe from his table in the lecture-room, to report progress, an humble contributor to the press! The Devil, forsooth? He tempted Christ to prepare him for his work! The praying woman, whom a worthless fellow, blacking his face, started out of the woods to frighten, as she went home from the Conference late at night, said, "Well, you are a poor creature!" The devil? I am not afraid of him. He is nobody, — nothing but what you make him, so formidable though he look, till the stoutest optimist, after singing with Pope,

"Whatever is, is right."

is forced to change his tune, and groan with the pessimist, Schopenhauer, Whatever is, is wrong.

"The world is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Victor Hugo said Napoleon had to be removed, because he hindered God. So we thought Slavery, that black weed worse than the New England white one, hindered God. But God has turned even it to account of a liberty, but for it we might never have enjoyed. "A painted devil," says Lady Macbeth. Every devil is such, — mere paint: and the devilish man, as we call him, turns out a nonentity. The author of the "Lost Cause," represents Jefferson Davis, after the fall of Richmond, in his southwestern flight, calling his officers together, and in tones of silvery eloquence, with contagious tears beseeching them to make one more effort for the country, the *nation*, an English statesman is willing to forget he said Mr. Davis had created, — to try another bout with the adversity that had thrown them so heavily as to beat out their breath. The Confederate president with half a million of men at his back, shook the land with his tread. But what a

shadow is Mr. Davis now! I suppose the reason his trial is so perpetually postponed, is that the Chief Justice and the rest of the Powers that be, cannot find there is anything of him to try.

The strongest man is impotent as a defender of evil. The last remaining spokesman for Slavery, and representative of the permanent rebellion against God, prince and Lucifer of that diabolized scholarship, which played second for the English aristocracy, in the prelude to the dirge over our expected funeral, I suppose is Thomas Carlyle. While lesser writers of the *Times* and *Saturday Review* hedged long ago, he alone grandly consistent, vents the magnificent growl of his disappointment at our success, in tones deep-throated, to resound along our shores. He has the gutturals at command, what musicians call a chest-voice.

"Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."

Thus alone to confront the opinion of mankind, and impute emancipation as a crime, which United States barbarians have plotted with the Russian bear, is a Chimborazo of audacity, such a posture as has been struck by no equal actor, on any modern stage; and it is sincere acting, with no affectation. *Impotent*, did I say? What power he has is in the truth and good earnest of this melancholy Jeremiah, born out of time, and should stir in us something beside ill blood. Some burden of meaning is in the honest fretful bark.

"For what can ail the mastiff old,
This angry moan to make?"

We repeat, transposing the lines in Coleridge's "Christabel." It is a yell at our republican egotism, rhetorical loquacity, philanthropic hypocrisy, in Ohio and nearer home, our coarse democracy and hasty unthorough work, which the faithful watch-dog, careless of his own safety, disturbs us with to defend the house. He is indeed no statue of Memnon, musical under the morning sun, but a fog-bell, a beacon warning us with noise rather than blaze. Yet even in his dismal moan is something divine.

In everything is something divine. Nothing can be without God. Censorious Eliphaz was mistaken to say, "He chargeth his angels with folly; the heavens are not clean in his sight, and he does not trust even his saints." All this, though Orthodoxy roll it as a sweet morsel of plenary verbal inspiration under its tongue, was the Temanite's conceit. How much nobler David's word: "If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there!" For hell is not his boundary; and if there, he is there with all his attributes of grace and mercy, as Catholic sovereigns, like the Queen of Spain, take an altar in the palace they turn their car into, when they travel.

The root of the world is sweet: and what seems harmful, a blessing. We are purged by bodily ills. But it is not enough, to have a bad cold or the tooth-ache. Deeper nerves man's ingratitude must touch. Cowardly Peters and mercenary Iscariots are the finest wimbles, for an operation, in God's surgical case. Did not Judas have a hand in the making of Jesus? Let us thank the thankless, to whom we are deep in debt. All serves us. "Take away all the evil," said my friend, "would you not with it take away the good?" Tea and strychnine are the same atoms; devil from deity not distinct. Demons shall not persuade me anything is without God. *They* introduce me, rising from the pit swifter angels to bear to Heaven, than any seraphs that come down. Bad men are forced, as deserters, with some prick of the bayonet into the ranks. Seceders, like Milton's fallen cherubim, turn secession into the womb of faithfulness, out of which are born heroes like Sheridan, whose carriage men wish to unharness that they may be the horses for such a deliverer. *Nothing without God*; all wrong a challenge to the right; evil good in the making; and man's wrath summoned into the choir of his praise! Out of the sensual scurf and scum, writes Tennyson,

"God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

What so vile in nature, He cannot make useful? The slime in the pond pushes up into the sweet, crimson-tipped lily; the dung-heap is transformed into the grape-vine; the offensive rotting kelp and "devil's apron," as the boys call it on the shore, which no nostril can bear spread on the ground in spring, is clean and wholesome in the summer-grass and autumn-wheat. You eat it; it keeps starvation from house, and barn. From the petroleum reek of Pennsylvania come the magenta and solferino hues. The refuse of the street and drain turns to the color and odor of the pink and rose. We devour in the apple and peach the elements, otherwise combined, we spue out of our mouth and scrape from the sole of our shoe. The stone we rejected becomes the head of the corner when mountain streams mix it to fertilize the plain. Filth and fecundity is the double meaning of the soil. French and English economists complain of the incalculable wealth wasted in the Thames and Seine, and every sewer, till originally rich territories run out.

Has all this no spiritual sense?

"And dress and keep, that dearer soil,
Whence life and death may grow;"

Dress it how? With the defecated, and decomposed substances you at first could not endure or be nourished by! With the memory of your errors, and compunction to harrow in the loathsome decay of

your half-hearted efforts ; — out of the taint and debase of your childish innocence, raising a positiver than any child's purity ; — as Dr. Channing said, he thought he was a better man for some early errors, not very heinous, the doctor added by way of parenthesis, which he had recollected to repent. The discarded particles of the growing frame return again and again : and we have all, says Thomas Browne, been on our own trenchers. Use so the defects of your character to renovate your soul ! As the waste water of the mill-wheel on the Merrimac, turns a crank further down, let not your half-employed opportunity escape.

How fresh the blades, and bright the blossoms, of the grave-yard ! There is a deeper cemetery than Greenwood or Mount Auburn, where, without musical strain, trumpet blown or funeral procession, we have made how many a lonely burial of fond wishes, perished ambitions, inordinate affections, enterprises heroic, forms fair and precious, low aims, and unworthy desires ! Shall no grateful verdure, no flower of courtesy spring from the obsequies of lust and transient purpose, when the sand-wastes and bleak hill-sides, our prudent Puritan Forefathers chose for their penurious burial-places, in their need of every inch of arable land for their orchards and Indian corn, burst at last into luxuriant plant and forest tree ? Surely spiritual death shall nurture spiritual life. Out of the ashes and dust, we have burned and dissipated our powers into, through humility and remorse, shall grow abiding worth, like apples of gold in baskets of silver, from what process of smelting and smoke ! But the disposal of mankind to final loss brands all being, and ascribes baffled experiment to God. He can do some things ! He can manage deluges and volcanoes very well. He is good enough mason and master builder ; and can lay the strata of the earth like courses of brick in order. He can get up very fair sun-rises and sun-sets ; and send the planets bowling or spinning like tops, through Heaven's blue fathomless floor. But, when it comes to human nature, — the soul, the faculty and fate of his children, he can contrive, for most, nothing better than his own endless disappointment in their remediless woe. We get out of the train, and help engineer and conductor pry the foundered, heavy-wheeled locomotive back on the rails. But the race cannot be recovered. That is too much for God, who keeps the earth in its orbit. He has found his match at last, something he cannot do : — and this doctrine to honor God's law ! Nay, it is a sanctimonious satan, disguised as an angel of light, to discredit God, and declare him bankrupt and dead ; for he certainly would not wish to live after *that* — as failing merchants are driven in desperation to blow out their brains. If, according to the

dearest disciple, no love of God without love of man, then despair of men is denial of God, and misanthropy atheism. To despond is to blaspheme.

"Scatter all our guilty gloom."

Well those Wesleyans write and sing.

Your fellow-creatures never drop ! Not even the overseer with his broken whip, whom some philanthropists cannot help hating. But we must not ! The victim of avarice or appetite, whom you gave up, rising from discouragement, buoyant on that breath and tide of the spirit, that can lift all as the sea a chip, reproves with Washingtonian pathos your surrender of his case. "I never knew anybody with that habit reform : — or "stinginess is the incurable vice of old age ; a miser once a miser forever !" If you are a theist, not so !

Without God is nothing, prosperous or sad. I succeed in public or private discourse. Approving sympathy comes, salutary as food, communion-bread and wine, — the Lord's Supper not on the wooden table, but an inner board, a sacrament of more devoted work. I fail ; I am mortified ; you are sorry ; the occasion seems lost ; the company or congregation goes mournfully away. But my failure turns out my best performance for myself. It is my own vanity's antidote, the bitter herbs, the Jews were told, for their health, to eat the pass-over with. In that too is God, putting a honey of self-denial into the lion's carcass of my defeat, with whose sweetness no triumph can compare, to which ovations to Grant or Sherman are nothing. The mind, wounded, is not stabbed through. The invulnerable spirit, with charm beyond that on Achilles' body, is in the soul.

How much God is to you, is the test. Have you an idol of human beauty ? Your idolatry shall cease, as you detect the Divinity it unfolds from as a blossom, the tree of life it hangs on as a leaf. Many a bitter cup to drink to the dregs ; but the draught of delight in all truth has no bottom, or settling on the lees, though it so overflow, you never draw it dry.

God were not, were aught WITHOUT him. How in our affections he that writes with no pen, makes his mark ! O Solomon, why specify as things never satisfied, the grave, barren womb, earth, fire ? Why call into court the horse-leech with its two daughters, crying, "Give, give !" There are instances more to the point. Vengeance and greed and pride are filled, but not love. The spell of man and woman, you feed on, you cannot exhaust. It kindles the thirst, which with it you would quench. Intercourse, conversation, marriage, offspring, all earthly expressions and pre-supposed satisfactions, give you no content. The foiling, infatuating, uncontainable object, no tokens or

manifestations can disenchant. Would we withdraw from it, — it is our withdrawing-room ! The shining veil of flesh-illusion falls to unfold interior feature more winning. Death cannot take it away. You fight for it with the last enemy, like Hamlet leaping into the grave. You reclaim it of God ; and what but God in you, prefers the claim he allows ? “ I have prayed over my love,” said one to his friend. “ It does not need to be prayed over,” was the reply. What room in the eye for the landscape, — what room in the heart for the dear form to move round as it lists !

“ E'er in our ashes live their wonted fires : ”

And the live coals of age, let passionate youngsters know, have intenser heat than all the flame and sparkle of youthful fancy, in what is called *first love*. Yet the reasons are unknown. You love you cannot tell *why*, because the *Why* is so great ; because it is God in you ! REASON for loving ? It is an insult to love, which suffers no basis or reason but itself. Love God, dost thou say, O John, “ because he first loved us ? ” Nay, but by inevitable drawing ! Love men, not for what they do for us, but are ! Attempt to drain a pool under a hill ; — the water keeps coming, till we find it communicates with Lake Superior, Mount Washington, the clouds of Heaven, the everlasting sea ; and empty it we never can. There is another stream, whose bed is harder yet to lay bare, the love of God, which God is, in the human soul — our personal regard issue of immense personality.

“ Sweetness and Light,” says Matthew Arnold, as Swift said it better before. *Love* and *Light*, let me say ; a burning and a shining ; no such *light* from candle or lamp of the sun, but that they burnt first. From the *fire* of religion comes its illumination, else cold and dim as the phosphorus on the wall, from whose combustion even its faint tracings get their lustre. Religion, the literature of morals ? Nay morals the running over of religion ! Something deeper than Duty made the world. Legal obligations are like ropes that hold the ship in a storm or at the wharf, but cannot impel ; — or like rudimentary animal forms detached by growth. Blest to be rid of our conscience by the unfolding soul ! As one said, “ a conscientious angel would be a monster,” so there are men and women, as Ecclesiastes saith, righteous, he meant *self-righteous*, over much ; conscience so plenty with them, such a Cochituate, they can supply the house with their own service-pipes, and exempt the rest of us from a moral pulsation, if we will but follow their cue, as the French bishop gave a dispensation to the district when the Emperor arrived ! But, if others prefer to be reflections and echoes, or to look at the sun only in an eclipse through

smoked glass or stained cathedral windows, — let it be no crime in us to preserve our health by basking and working in the open day.

None to be forsaken, because none without God ! Spite of stories, like "Faust," of being sold to the devil, none saleable to him. He is not in funds, has not got money for the price of a soul, cannot prove property or show his title-deed ; and God will never give him a quit-claim. "Don't give up the ship !" What marine record so melancholy as that fine print in the most unobtrusive part of the paper, of an *abandoned* vessel ; and an abandoned man, or an abandoned woman — is there such a thing ? an abandoned child, boy or girl ? Not till we strike work in God's employ : which who can do, that looks back and sees on what brinks, through what gulfs, a better than Alpine guide has led him, and got him into debt, for which he owes, says the sacred bard, "both thanks and use."

But, one may say, do what I please, it will all come out right ! I can go to Heaven, if I like, round through hell. Well : you can go through every bramble, thicket and swamp. We wish you joy of your journey ! But, if you believe the Infinite Goodness, you cannot pervert it. When the slave said to the old Greek sage, "Was I not fated to steal," and the master answered, "yes and to be whipped," the thief had not proceeded on the ground of some theory of necessity, but of a sensual appetite, which any philosophy would have checked. As a charge of electricity guards the door against unhallowed touch, and only the wise hand, that will not be harmed, can manage the lock, so the doctrine of God's infinity and unavoidable mercy can be abused by none by whom it is understood. It is a heat-lightning of love that does not hurt. We shall never wrong, in God or man, the goodness we appreciate. Those, who may be pointed to as examples of its misuse, hold it only as letter and dogma, not in spirit and truth. I suppose Dante puts traitors into the lowest circle of his Hell, because they touch bottom of depravity. But treachery to an idea that possesses us is an impossibility. Only those without the idea, or made to stand fast by a lower rule, will fear the consequences of Heavenly vision. We do not pay, in personal safety, a price for the glory of the Higher Law.

But this doctrine will also make us work. It is a gospel to be proclaimed : and, as men run till they drop dead, not to publish ill tidings, but victory, so we shall be moved to communicate the grace of God. It will enable us to suffer too ; for, in it, the whole of us cannot suffer, as the whole of Christ did not. He is called an infinite sufferer. But only the finite in him suffered : the Infinite was, as it must be, at peace. Not the hundredth part of Jesus suffered on the cross. How small a portion of him was the body !

We learn our lighter cross to bear :—

so we sing. But it is not always lighter. Sin is the heaviest cross. The cross we make with our own hands, and lay on our own shoulders, is more galling than that which was borne to Golgotha ; and the joy of faith in God's compassion, which creates virtue in us, will inspire patience too. It will also awaken prayer, which is not beggary for selfish favor, but climbing to God with others in our arms. A man with a bleeding heart cried, "*God help me,*" over and over again. But by his petition, though repeated with such importunity, only a little was he soothed. Then he cried, "*God help my friend,*" whose heart, he knew, bled like his own. At once his face was lightened. The love of God chose his love for his friend as its own channel, and bestowed, in oblivion of grief, the healing balm.

Of belief that, in the divine power all is for the best, is born hope. Those, who think woe and fear indispensable motives to obedience, falsely impute to such faith the license which springs from despair, as sailors break open the wine-chest before a wreck. Invincible recititude is twin with immortal trust.

C. A. BARTOL.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

"Dolci durezza e placide repulse."

GENTLE severity, repulses mild
 Made of chaste love and pity sorrowing ;
 Graceful rebukes, that had the power to bring
 Back to itself a heart by dreams beguiled ;
 A soft-toned voice, whose accents undefiled
 Held sweet restraints, all duty honoring ;
 The bloom of virtue ; purity's clear spring
 To cleanse away base thoughts and passions wild ;
 Divinest eyes to make a lover's bliss,
 Whether to bridle in the wayward mind
 Lest its wild wanderings should the pathway miss,
 Or else its griefs to soothe, its wounds to bind ;
 This sweet completeness of thy life it is
 That saved my soul ; no other peace I find.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

THE TWO RELIGIONS IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

V.

IT is unnecessary to push farther the lines of thought which proceed from the two central figures, Jesus and Christ. I have traced them far enough to show that they run in opposite courses, through entirely distinct regions towards hostile kingdoms of speculation and life. Between these two systems lies the choice. We may reject both, saying that neither justifies itself sufficiently, and that they cancel each other; or we may elect one in preference to the other. Both we cannot accept. It is not yet given to men to seek opposite poles at the same time, or to consciously hold conflicting theories, or to live on principles that are mutually destructive. We may be "Christians," and say that the followers of Jesus miss the very essence of religious faith; or we may be followers of Jesus, and say that the "Christians" have added fictions to religious faith. On what ground shall the choice be made? On the ground of authority, of course. But what constitutes authority? Both systems lie within the covers of the same volume, both are included in the same "revelation," so called. The religion of Jesus has better historical warrant than that of the Christ. The books that contain it were earlier in composition, and, if not more genuine in authorship, certainly contain a larger amount of historical material. Their portraiture of the central figure is more like life. The historical person is Jesus and not the Christ. The latter is shaped by the imagination. But these considerations are of secondary moment here, let them pass. We must look for more certain grounds of decision.

There are two criteria of authority; one is Spirituality: the other is Rationality. We shall choose the spiritual faith before the Mechanical, and the rational faith before the arbitrary. I contend that the religion of Jesus is the spiritual and rational; and that the religion of the Christ is the mechanical and arbitrary.

It may surprise some that spirituality should be claimed for the first gospel above the fourth, for Matthew and not for John. Such a claim is entirely against prejudice and tradition. The gospel of John has always been called the "spiritual gospel." It has been the favorite with "Spiritual" people, mystics, devotees, pietists, men and women of musing, dreamy, abstract and indefinite minds. The word "Spirit" occurs oftener in John than in Matthew, and almost every time bears a peculiar sense which in Matthew is never found. In the fourth gospel "The Spirit" is described as a distinct influence, power, person per-

haps, as it never is in the first, where it is either used to indicate a state of mind, or is spoken of, after the usual Hebrew style, as the Spirit of God. But all this does not make the fourth gospel more spiritual than the first. To talk about spirit and to be spiritual are very different things.

Nor is the lofty abstruseness of John a sign of spirituality. It would be if spirituality and vagueness were synonymous terms, a still popular delusion which thoughtful people should have outgrown. John Ruskin, incidentally comparing Milton and Dante, says with great truth: "Milton's vagueness is not the sign of imagination, but of its absence. It was the easier and less imaginative process to leave his *Inferno* vague than to define it. Imagination is always the seeing and asserting faculty." This remark applies strictly to the case in hand. The fourth gospel is a glorious fog bank, mysterious with lights and shadows, and presenting fantastic and airy shapes of cloud. The first gospel is a world of simple human forms. By Ruskin's rule, the first gospel is the more imaginative of the two. On the same general ground I claim that it is the more spiritual. Let any reader compare the eighth chapter of John in which the Christ pronounces outcast the unbelieving Jews, with the twenty-fifth of Matthew in which Jesus separates the sheep from the goats. Setting aside just now the respective laws of judgment, which represent the one an arbitrary, the other a rational code, let him note how much more graphic, personal and vital the latter is than the former. Here are qualities, virtues, deeds, relations. Here are hearts and consciences, characters amenable to spiritual laws, going to their doom of heaven or hell for their neglect or their obedience. The spiritual world is a world of feelings and duties, a world in the breast, a world in society. The raw material of it is worked up into forms. There is no massing, no lumping of people as in John, no wholesale denunciation of "Pharisees" and "Jews," but a terrible application to individual men. There is no sweeping accusation, "Ye are of your Father the Devil." "Ye are from beneath." "Ye are of this world." "Ye will not believe me because I tell you the truth;" the charges are direct, close, specific: "I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; naked, and ye clothed me not." Every trait of grandeur that John has, Matthew has; but Matthew's grandeur is palpably living, while John's is without shape, or outline, or character. If to be bodiless be the essence of Spirit, then is John the more spiritual. But if spirit mean substance, reality, then John becomes simply spectral, and the spirituality is with Matthew.

I do not forget the one great passage in John which is supposed to

bear off the palm for spirituality. The often quoted and glorified utterance of the Christ to the Samaritan woman : "The hour cometh and now is, when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. God is Spirit ; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." But if we analyze the language we shall perceive that its grandeur is due to its lack of quality, not to its possession of it. Its indefiniteness is its splendor. God is merely taken out of all relations and deprived of all attributes. He is neither here nor there ; neither this nor that ; but air, wind, breath. In saying "God is spirit," the author does not say what God is, but what he is not ; puts him further off, instead of bringing him near. When he says, "They that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," he does not throw any light on the character of acceptable worship ; does not say what it is to worship so ; what part the heart has in it, or the conscience, or the daily life. The words have a grand sound, but really they have no definite sense. They baffle intelligence, and they bewilder feeling.

But turn now to the declaration that Jesus makes to the people who were listening to his pastoral discourse. "Love your enemies ; bless them that curse you ; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you ; that ye may be the children of your father who is in heaven ; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." There is a spiritual God ; pure, simple, ideal, lofty, expansive, boundless, supersensuous as the mind can conceive ; but how clear, definite, personal ! how tender and gracious ! how full of sentiment ! How real and palpable to men ! Here is a Being who is infinite in every divine quality ; infinite in the positive, not in the negative sense alone ; neither "spirit," nor "a spirit," but spiritual. I submit that the "Father" of Jesus has every celestial advantage over the "Father" of the Christ, and is more satisfying to the spiritual nature of man. The Christ resolves God into a fire mist. Jesus condenses him into a sun. The Christ sends us away into the spaces after his essence. Jesus makes the dew-drops glisten with his beauty. The Christ divests him of qualities ; Jesus gives him the divinest. If *spirit* did not still, to most people, mean *ghost*, the thought of Jesus would be found immeasurably to transcend that of the Christ.

Passing from the region of thought into the region of qualities, the greater spirituality of Jesus displays itself at once. The Christ, it is true, has a higher rank assigned him in the order of angelic being. But spirituality does not depend on rank ; a pauper may be as spiritual as a prince ; a man as a seraph-Lucifer. The Prince of the

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Powers of the air was created foremost among the spirits that burned around the throne. Spirituality is a condition of mind, not an accident of existence. "The fruit of the spirit," says Paul, "is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." In which evangel must we look for these? Which contains the Parables, the Beatitudes, the Sermon on the Mount? Which gives the noblest descriptions of character and life? The question answers itself. Jesus has all the humility, all the gentleness, all the aspiration, all the humanity, all the trust. The tenderness, the compassionateness, the deep sympathy with the humblest people, the serene faith in Providence, the childlike mind are his alone. He alone exhibits spiritual manhood, humanity in its spiritual phase. The Christ is harsh, dogmatical, assuming, despotic; he neither prays nor pities; it is for his own glory that he raises Lazarus from the dead, it is for his own glory that he intercedes for his disciples. His robes are imperial, and his spirit wears them well.

Of the two religions in the New Testament I claim therefore, that the religion of Jesus is the more spiritual. Which of the two is the more rational need not, after what has been said already, be argued further. The whole course of exposition has gone to show that while the religion of Christ stoops down on human nature to rescue it from a doom, setting at defiance its instincts, disregarding its affections and overriding its reason, the religion of Jesus meets human nature benignantly at every point, and works in full sympathy with it at every step. The religion of Christ has been at issue in every generation with science, philosophy, political economy, social reform; the religion of Jesus has made itself their friend and welcomed their alliance. The religion of Christ has assumed an attitude of authority towards the spirit of man, dictating its beliefs, and prescribing its circle of aspirations; the religion of Jesus has assumed an attitude of friendliness towards the spirit of man, and has contented itself with adding to its best native beliefs a nobler strength.

This question of spirituality and rationality being settled, the question of authority as between these two religions is decided. In religion the basis of an authority is *character*. "Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned." "He that is spiritual searches all things." "The Life is the Light of Men." He knows most about it who has the most of it. The knowledge of a perfect man must be perfect knowledge, because experimental, scientific. Unless he were a man, he could not think as a man, or feel as a man, hope as a man, or pray as a man. "The instincts teach," says Emerson, "that the problem of essence must take precedence of all others; and the solution of these must

be in a life, not in a book. Moses, Menu, Jesus work directly on this problem." All men are commanded by the saint.

"Christians" repose on the authority of the Christ because he was *not* a man, was *not* human, did *not* think, feel, hope, or pray as they might, was *not* a "mere prophet or saint." They receive his word precisely as 'spiritualists' receive the communications of persons departed, on the ground that being in another sphere they must have another truth. On this ground the Christ himself claims authority. "No man has ascended up to heaven, but the Son of Man who came down from heaven." With such persons, authority attaches to birth, rank, and power. The angel born must have angelic wisdom. A hereditary prince of the sky must be of seraphic soul. An enchanter who can make five loaves feed five thousand people, and water turn into wine, and the lake storm subside at a word, must be complete master of the spiritual laws, and fully competent to bind and loose the souls of men. The authority has no relation whatever to the concerns of the people over which authority is exercised. It is like Napoleon deciding what was good philosophy in the college of France; or an English premier pronouncing on forms of worship; or a naturalist taking on himself to say in what way men must define God. It is as if men should go to the Czar of all the Russias to know whether the personality of man would survive the shock of death, or to General Grant to ascertain the best way of educating children. It is matter with which Birth, Rank, Force, have no concern. These things are hid from the wise and prudent, and are revealed unto babes. Said Jesus to his fishermen companions, "Many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things that ye hear, and have not heard them." The heart of the little child is a better organ for the spirit, than heads that have worn crowns and chaplets.

The angelic rank of the Christ, instead of being in his favor as an authority in religion, would be against him; for that difference in nature would imply a difference in character and experience that would make sympathetic spiritual relationship impossible. "The princes of the Gentiles exercise authority upon them, and their great men exert dominion over them;" because in political affairs the aim is to hold the people in subjection. But in spiritual affairs the aim is to release the people from subjection, and bring them into freedom: therefore, "It shall not be so among you; but, whosoever will be greatest among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, shall be servant of all." Spiritual authority is not exercised *over* people, but *through* them, and *in* them; it proceeds from human to

human ; it supposes brotherhood of nature. This the "Christians" themselves admit in their doctrine of the complete *human* nature of the supra-human Christ. His "perfect manhood," whatever they may have meant by the phrase, was required to make the religion possible, to establish a connection between teacher and disciples, leader and followers, exemplar and imitators, saint and aspirants for saintship. The angelhood satisfied the popular demand for sceptre and crown jewels ; but simple exhaustive manhood alone could answer the demands of spiritual allegiance. To the "Son of Man" is committed judgment. The "Son of Man" hath power on earth to forgive sins. The "Son of Man" is lord even of the Sabbath. The "Son of Man" giveth good seed. The "Son of Man" sends forth the angels. The "Son of Man" comes in glory. The "Son of Man" is come to save the lost. The spirit descends on the "Son of Man." It is the "Son of Man" who sits on the right hand of God.

The great questions of religion are questions vital to character, and by character are answered. We must trust the child for knowing the mother and father. If we would feel assured of the *character* of God, his moral and spiritual quality, his attributes of heart and will, we must go, not to one of his seraphs, but to one of his children. Possibly the seraph might, if we could come to speech with him, tell us more than we knew about what theologians have called God's "natural attributes," his modes of existence ; but the knowledge, if we had it, would be of no particular value. We want to be certain of his *human* attributes, his kindness, his compassion, his sympathy with human effort, his concurrence with the best thoughts, desires, aims, and purposes of men. The Christ cannot tell so much about that as Jesus can ; for he is not a man, and must be destitute of the requisite experience. Jesus was a man : and they who exalt him most as a man, say, take his simple word for it, that God is father, that His nature is identical with ours, that He is kindred with us, that His spirit is within us, that He inspires and blesses us. He knew this because he felt it. He had the witness in his heart. The heart is the organ of revelation here, and they who believe that his heart was a little child, receive his word as final. To obtain answers to other questions about God, we must go elsewhere. But on these other questions, Trinity, Duality, Unity, Theism, Deism, Pantheism, no authority has pronounced, There is no authority within reach that can pronounce. The Christ himself, more than seraph, as he is fancied to be, has added nothing to our knowledge on these intellectual and spiritual mysteries of the Godhead. The word of Power has come from a human breast.

It is the same with other problems, that of Immortality, for instance.

The simple question is: has man a spiritual nature? Is there any eternal quality, any immortal element, any intellectual and moral being in him, by which he is made a dweller in a supersensuous world? This is a question that addresses itself to the immediate consciousness. The Christ cannot answer it: for, on the supposition, he is an angelic being, and has no human consciousness. He can tell us nothing about it. As a messenger from another sphere, he might, perhaps, have told us whether men and women went on living in another sphere after leaving this, a matter of merely incidental importance; but on this point he has communicated nothing. Neither has Jesus, on this point, communicated anything. Why should he? How should he know? But on the great point, the point on which everything turns, apart from which, a future existence would have no significance whatever, and from which a future existence seems something like a necessity; on the central position of man's moral and spiritual self-hood, Jesus throws a power of affirmation by word and act, by deed of sacrifice and life of devotion, sufficient to outweigh a whole tribe of physiologists. The man who lived an eternal life, gives the best demonstration that there is such a thing. The man who put the elements of death beneath his feet, gives best cause for believing that death is not annihilation. The man who exhibited a life that was worth preserving, gives the most encouraging hope that it may be preserved. Let time and space, duration and prolonged consciousness, go. Is the hoping, trusting, believing, preserving soul, a Power? If it is, we may leave the rest. And whether it be or not, the soul must attest for itself. The believers in Jesus declare that one soul at least has attested it, by an experience which, however singular, is not exceptional, and which plants in every breast the moral assurance of immortality. No revelation of a life beyond the grave, did Jesus make. No definite statement of his belief in such a life does he seem to have put forth. He certainly gives no prominence to it, and lays no stress on it. But the disclosure of a life *above* the grave, he does make. His belief in that for all men was overwhelming. It is the one certainty he rested on: and that men should have practical assurance of this, is literally of infinite more moment than they should have ever so unquestioning a persuasion of a continued existence.

Applying the same argument to other departments of religion, to the graces of personal character, for instance, it would be easy to show how the authority of Jesus had weight in establishing the standard of character, in prescribing the laws of duty, the ideals of attainment, the rules of social obligation, and the bonds of brotherhood. The philosophy of self-denial is that which he proceeded on, the law of self-sacrifice is

that which he enforced, the principle of human sympathy is that which he illustrated. It is with his religion that selfishness and sensuality are at issue. "The imitation of Christ" would be appropriately called the imitation of Jesus; for his is the only *character* that is set before us. They who at any time have made war against the moral standards of Christendom, have made war against the Sermon on the Mount, the Beatitudes, the precepts involved in the parables, and the Golden Rule. There was nothing in the Gospel of John for them to assail. The ideal they rejected was that of the Nazarene. If they could break that mould of manhood, their task was done.

The religion of the Christ is losing its hold on the convictions of men. Science disowns it; government has thrown off its spell; politics and social economy are no longer under its influence; institutions of learning do not render allegiance to it; philosophy, mental, moral, material proceeds on methods peculiarly its own; art and literature set up ideals it would repudiate, and obey principles it would pronounce unhallowed. It lingers yet in symbols, and traditions, and forms. Churches are built according to its plans, and worship is conducted in its mode of speech. But the living mind of the world scarcely recognizes its existence, either as law, guide, or inspiration.

The religion of Jesus, on the other hand, is reviving. The character of Jesus is attracting study. In Germany, France, England, earnest men are trying to recover his lost image. Respect for him has given birth to a copious literature. The names of Schenkel, Renan, Furness indicate the extent and the spirit of the interest that is awakened in him; and the appeal to his example on the part of men and women who have at heart the improvement of society proves what hold he has on the modern heart. There is small reason, however, for thinking that the person of Jesus will ever, at this distance of time, be restored with the projection of outline, the firmness of texture, or the freshness of color, that would be necessary to command the attention of mankind. An imperial figure overawing, uplifting and enchanting the multitudes of men, learned and simple, he can never become. The modern religion must be scientific, not historical, personal or literary. Neither of the two religions of the New Testament as such, will control the faith or direct the aspiration of modern communities. No religion will do it that does not ground itself on all the knowledge and experience there is, and give wings to new globe. The question we have been considering is, after all, a question of criticism, a concern of antiquity, a matter of curious learning. Religion is nothing of that sort. It is an interest of life; and life is a thing of to-day, new every morning and fresh every evening. We

have not outgrown Jesus, or left him behind, or absorbed him. It will be long enough ere we do either. But we have ceased to become his subjects ; and we are his friends, just so far as the best results of our modern thought and life are congenial with his.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

THE FUTURE.

WHAT may we take into the vast Forever?
 That marble door
 Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor,
 No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
 No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
 No gold, no gains
 Of all our toiling : in the life immortal
 No hoarded wealth remains,
 Nor gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
 We entered here :
 No word came with our coming, to remind us
 What wondrous world was near,
 No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless Night before us,
 Naked we glide :
 No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
 No comrade at our side,
 No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,
 Our footsteps fare :
 The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow —
 His love alone is there,
 No curse, no care.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

DOUBT.

I REMARK it in myself that doubt, or somewhat closely akin to it, though apparently a poison to so many, is to me, a salt upon my food, and necessary to my health. Fixed and rigid opinion, upon matters of infinite scope, gives me an indigestion; and, this quite independently of its subject matter; it is the hardness, like that of twice-cooked meats, which disagrees with my stomach. The moment the boundary is passed, which separates the lower realm of Knowledge, from the higher one of Belief, all unqualified intellectual statement becomes to me, not bread, but a stone. My most endeared persuasion nourishes and comforts me, only while accompanied by a certain inward reserve, a reticence as of the soul itself, which keeps it always flowing and undefined, an air to breathe, rather than a block to handle. The stronger, and more fruitful it is as persuasion, the less it will bear to be torn from its root-hold in the heart, and set out in the cold soil of opinion.

It may be that *doubt* is too strong a word for what I have here in mind. Certainly it differs widely from scientific dubitation, as also from scepticism, and pyrrhonism. The doubt of science is purely provisional; it exists only to be extinguished, for it is but the price and tentative of knowledge. Mr. Buckle, among his plenitude of confusions, confounds this order of doubt with scepticism; which is of another genus altogether. The sceptic is one who indeed raises question, but with the assumption that to raise question is the utmost achievement of man's intelligence. He will not even assert that he knows nothing, but again questions, "What do I know?" To inquire endlessly and with endless interest, but to remain poised in inquiry, answering one question only with another more far-reaching,—this is scepticism. The celebration of it by Mr. Buckle, may excite a smile, since nothing can be farther removed from his own eager and premature dogmatism.

The pyrrhonist goes farther, and runs scepticism into the ground. He suppresses inquiry itself as useless, since nothing can be known. To the sceptic, thought has no end, to the pyrrhonist it has no beginning.

Scientific doubt is like to neither of these, since it assumes the possibility of knowledge, and may even make the assumption in excess. Such is perhaps the prevailing mood of science in our day; and as pyrrhonism would suppress thought, because nothing can be

known, so there are now some who would suppress it, because everything may be learned by mere observation, without taxing at all the native resources of reason.

The utility of this order of doubt cannot be denied ; indeed, the common capacity for it may, in one view, be said to measure the possible range of a civilization. All business of profit begins with expenditure, that is, with apparent impoverishment. He who buys a farm, does so with harvest only in expectation ; but the payment, or at least the obligation contracted, is immediate : thus, in one sense, his resources are diminished. The doubt of science is a like expenditure ; the dubitating mind parts with cash on hand, that is, with the immediate sense of certitude, in favor of harvests that are as yet contingent.

There are, however, intellectual misers, who hoard the feeling of certitude with such avarice as never with their good will to pay out a penny-worth. Sometimes a like close-fistedness is caused by mere timidity. There are fearful souls who think the intelligence of the universe a hard master, that may at any moment come upon them, and demand payment in current coin ; nor daring therefore to invest, they lay up their talent in a napkin, where it will be always ready. The act in this case is not wilful, but belongs to a certain frame of mind, though one that is rather to be excused than admired. There are some also, who, not so much through superstitious trepidation, as from intellectual infirmity, are demoralized so soon as they begin to question. Indeed not only individuals, but nations and races differ widely, as to the amount of vigorous dubitation they can admit into the mind without prejudice to its poise and coherence. The Semitic race, for example, appears inferior to the Indo-European in this respect. Hence the absolute tone of its literature, and the want of epic amplitude and dramatic freedom ; hence, too, the narrow and rigorous polity, which has ever prevailed with nations of this race, from which there is no escape but into the lawless life of Bedouins. To people of this cast, doubt is a disease, and if prolonged, is destruction. Thus Saracen philosophy ran quickly to atheism in Averroes ; and Semitic civilization has invariably collapsed, when developed to the point where absolutism in thought must end, and inquiry begin. To such people Mohammedanism is peculiarly adapted, and yet in the end, by rendering their infirmity chronic, peculiarly mischievous. With the will of Allah always at hand to explain everything, from the rising of the sun to a sore toe, it is like the clay eaten by some savages, which satisfies hunger, without nourishing the body. Palgrave, when sailing down the Persian Gulf, noticed a singular red-

ness in the water, and asked a Wahhabee (fanatically Orthodox Mohammedan) what he supposed to be the cause. The other needed to make no supposition, but answered with prompt assurance, that it was caused by the fires of hell situated below! Palgrave inquired why in this case the water was not more heated. Allah wills it! was the reply. The traveller was about to ask further, whether the bottom of the gulf were of glass, or some other transparent substance; but, he observed in the eye of the other a dangerous gleam, and prudently kept silent.

It is thought by some that this incapability of doubt, and therefore of genuine inquiry, is rather a geographical distinction than the characteristic of a race. M. De Gobineau, in a very interesting work on *Les Religions et Les Philosophies Dans L'Asie Centrale*, gives an amusing account of the people of western Asia generally in respect to this matter. It seems that the same individual will run through all the systems known to his latitude, yet will never for a moment, be in a state of acknowledged doubt. With a flying leap he passes from one system to another: with a new feat of agility away he goes, to alight in the midst of a third system, where in a moment he is an ancient dweller, and quite at home: bye and bye with a fresh sultation, he is off to a fourth; yet with all this inconsistency of opinion, the man never dubitates, never loses nor softens the accent of absolute certitude. Instead of saying, "Having been so often mistaken, I may be in error now," he says, "Since I have changed so frequently and travelled so far to find the truth, it were a flying in the face of Providence, to question that I have been led to it at last," thus with every change he arrives at an intenser assurance. The French writer regards this as characteristic of all Asiatics; but his instances, it is to be observed, are drawn wholly from localities where Moslem influence prevails.

The people of Europe and America, and, as I still think, their kindred in Asia also, are more able to doubt without being demoralized by doing so. The Indo-Europeans of the Orient are unquestionably far behind the nations of the West, in this respect; but the example of Buddha, who passed a number of years in meditative doubt, before arriving at his doctrine, is one which the people of South Western Asia can scarcely parallel. It is the nations of the occident, however, who have chiefly proven this capability. These have learned to practice a long-headed economy, paying out largely and fearlessly, the gathered gold of intelligence for the sake of anticipated profit: and all the eminence of their civilization is connected with this kind of superiority. Hence their literature lacks that absolute tone, which is

dear to many; the habit of dubitation and consequent inquiry, is fatal to that. This is a loss, perhaps, but one that has its compensation. That which makes them less authoritative in tone, makes their mental activity richer in result.

It was not, however, this provisional and economic doubt, which I had chiefly in mind, on sitting down to write. Rather it was one whose office it is to temper belief, making it mellow and genial. All definite belief on matters of limitless scope, must needs be partial; and only that gently dubitating reserve, which practically confesses the partiality, prevents it from becoming an enslavement.

Doubt of this kind, — if doubt be the word for it, — does not even *look* toward denial, nor does it lessen the force and fertility of high persuasion. On the contrary, it secures such persuasion from those reactions and recalcitrations, which are the revenges of the mind upon its own unconfessed partiality. Every over-weening word we speak, becomes some day a spectre to haunt and harass the soul. The celibates of the middle ages were visited by devils in the shape of beautiful women; at which we may smile, though they must writhe. They that draw a rectangle, and insist upon it that they have squared Nature's circle, are sure to find that the flowing lines of her beauty can bind and bite into the live flesh. So, intense dogmatic enthusiasts will sometimes fall into horrible distresses, wherein all good and truth flee away, and every sweet hope becomes but a skull and cross-bones.

I would not be in debt to Nature, though I live sparingly to avoid it. It is a slower fire that burns the smoke, but it leaves a cleaner air. Thought must needs be partial, but the life may be whole, if this unavoidable partiality be balanced by spiritual reserve. And this tempering doubt which never becomes explicit, this reticence not of the voice merely, but of the spirit itself, besides proving wholesome, adds to the relish of life. It is the acid of the apple, which makes its sweetness more delicious, and forbids it to cloy; it is the nitrogen in the atmosphere, that mellows it for man's respiration; and it is also, with respect to the processes of life, the opening of the auricle to admit the dark blood from the veins, and pass it on for aeration.

There are indeed doubts, lawless misgivings, which require only peremptory suppression. As in the best ordered societies there will be prowlers and vagrants, over whom judicial constraint must be exercised, so has the mind its vagabonds, whom the constable of the soul should take by the shoulder without ceremony. But this must be done with a fine discrimination. Were the naturalist, the artist, the poet, as they wander together and pour into the coffers of man-

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kind, the strewn gold of Nature, to be arrested, because they do not follow the economies of the shop, a wealth higher than that of the shop would be forfeited. A thought which is in the soul what Socrates was to Athens will be a culpable doubt, as measured by the standard of the psychical populace. Let us beware how we put the cup of hemlock to its lips. All in us which rises greatly above our average condition, will appear suspicious to the average eye. But the inhospitable and summary soul, which at once hurries these forerunning thoughts to the lock-up, will preserve order and poverty at the same time. Doubtless it is difficult to be at once open-minded and judicial. We must accept the difficulty. If everything has two sides, so also has man two eyes.

There is another kind of bad doubt, a doubt looking toward denial, which arises from the conflict between outward observation and immanent persuasion. Suppose one has no logic by which to derive a rattlesnake from the object of his adoration. What then? Shall he turn back in bitterness upon his own heart, to gibe at its most sacred impulse? That were to make the rattlesnake the major premiss of his logic, and conclude from it to the universe. The wise man will blind himself to nothing, but he will live more in the heart than in the eyes. He who reasons only from that which the eye of a dog can see equally with the eye of man, might as well bark, and have done with it. That only is the greatest truth, which is truth, and can be such; to no other than a warm and great spirit. Our age is bewitched with the notion that data for thought should be found only in that which a dog's eye may see, and regards insight with suspicion in proportion as noble predilection, that is, as the higher nature of man, goes into it. Was ever a more lunatic imagination? Will man follow a safe process in thought only as he shall dehumanize his intelligence? The more that truth depends for its existence to my eye upon the higher everlasting elections of my being, the more will I confide in it. That truth which from its nature could not be manifested to mere sense, was breathed into man's spirit, to constitute its life, its very being: and it therefore must first of all appear as tendency, or predilection; so to speak, the heart must forever create it anew for the intellect; with the cessation of this spiritual production, it disappears from the mind's field of vision. *I believe that I may understand*: all the virtue of the middle ages goes into these brave words, so much misinterpreted, — ill understood, indeed, by him who first uttered them. For they should mean: "I will be a living soul, that I may be a clear intelligence; I will first trust the high predilection of my spirit, that I may afterwards find its justification in reason." And just

because so much of modern metaphysics has abandoned this attitude, seeking to set up the intellect in entire independence upon the elective and productive force of man's being, is it condemned to perpetual sterility. No wonder the youth in our colleges go to their metaphysical studies like cattle to a feast of bulrushes; the distaste does them honor: may it not be less so long as metaphysics and ethics remain in unnatural divorce!

Now, that doubt toward the heart, and confidence only toward the elemental world, I do not praise. Yet I would not be insolent toward the outward world, with all its hateful venoms and brute ferocities. Let the outward temper the inward, as cold water tempers hot steel. Let the contradiction of elemental nature teach me to hold belief in the temper of modesty; while the immanent persuasion of the soul shall instruct me to look in the brute world for truth, which that world does not explicitly show, because it does not know.

And without blaming a different disposition, I think there is much to be said for this. Ever it is by some gentle union of opposites, or at least of diversities, that all finest effect is reached. The sky is blue, — in other words, is sky, — only through the presence in the air of an element foreign to it, which, however, is accepted and held by it in friendly intimacy. Neither mere red nor mere white, has the beauty of a blush, wherein the two make love to each other. In pearls and pond lilies, it is the softened and tenderly clouded white, that charms the eye. The diamond and ruby gleam, only because they are not perfectly transparent; and the refractions and retardations of light make the iridescent loveliness of the opal. The Arctic ice turns to sapphire only in its darkened recesses and caves, that is, by the aid of shadow. A lapidary once said to me that the garnet is the finest of all gems, and that only its cheapness prevents its being prized accordingly. I shared somewhat his feeling, for that stone, wherein scarlet light flashes out so surprisingly from dun crimson cloud, has always seemed to me among the most beautiful, though its effect is given only by gems of large size. It is the type of heroic natures, in whom there is almost always this burst of impassioned splendor from a cloudy environment. Skakespeare knew this well, and in Lear, for example, he has caused a carbuncle to be set in the world's diadem, a thing of beauty, and a joy forever. Lear reveals himself at the outset as darkened, blinded, beclouded, yet even here is seen to be noble, like the garnet viewed from an angle, which does not show its inward shine; but presently out of this dun beauty breaks all the blazing, high-tinted effulgence of his magnificent spirit. The beauty of the philosopher is that of the diamond; of the poet

that of the ruby or sapphire ; but of the shining impassioned hero, the St. Bernards of the church, the Cromwells of the state, the Carlyles of literature, the beauty is one that breaks forth, like the scarlet gleam of the garnet, from a shadowed base.

As in precious stones, in the sky's azure, and in all the loveliness of nature, so in man. There is a meek shading of belief, akin to doubt, if not to be named by so positive a word, which is not only answerable to the weakness of our understanding, but is also an enhancement of spiritual beauty. The exquisite temper of soul, which should be, in its own higher kind, correspondent to cerulean skies and perfect gems, I do indeed rather admire, than look to attain speedily. My hope now spreads less sail than formerly ; instructed by many a mishap, it seeks no longer to surpass all, and be first in port, but is content to arrive there at last, though it be indeed last of all.

Yet, on the other hand, I no longer grieve that belief has its refractions and retardations, since I see that the fine laminæ of Nature, while catching and entangling its rays, turn them to color as they pass. And if we would look rightly, it might appear that venom, pestilence, brute ferocity, and all around us in the world which stands opposed to the immanent prayer and persuasion of the human soul, is but the lamination of Nature, that hides her eternal secret, yet only so hides as to reveal it in beauty.

Hence, perhaps, it is that the greatest poets the world has known have one and all shown a taste for tragedy. They love to cast the beams of their genius on that which chiefly clouds the wish of man's heart ; so, like the sun at morning and evening, to make out of cloud itself a new glory.

D. A. WASSON.

VIRTUE could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk.
 He that has light within his clear breast
 May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day ;
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the midday sun :
 Himself is his own dungeon.

— *Milton.*

P R A Y E R .

IT is a common notion in Christendom that man began his course in the world with a clear knowledge of the true religion and with a perfect worship of the one true God, and, that all this was the result of a fluent communication with the spiritual world through faultless faculties. But man transgressed the command of God ; his prevailing life degenerated into crime and savagery ; and his spiritual knowledge depreciated to the most abject superstition. Human nature began as a brilliant meteor that came near going out in noise and smoke ; The world commenced too well to hold out, and the performance did n't prove equal to the advertisement. God pronounced his work very good, and was afterwards disappointed to find it little better than a wreck and a failure.

It is enough for the present purpose to be reminded that this is a doctrine concerning the origin of mankind and the character of primitive worship, which is contradicted by history and science, and by the general order of growth and development in the world.

There is no good foundation for the notion that man began with a perfect worship and a rational intercourse with the spiritual world. The primitive worship must have been very childish and imperfect. It probably resembled the worship which still prevails among the lowest savages. Man begins by worshipping the ordinary objects and phenomena of nature that surround him ; he employs charms or fetiches to secure the favor of the natural powers ; but he has only the most indistinct and childish conception of the character and operations of these natural powers. He has a vague notion of forces and operations external to himself, and having learned that these are capable of either helping or opposing him, he tries to secure their co-operation by such rites and incantations as his undeveloped wits are capable of suggesting. Such is fetichism, the lowest order of nature worship, with no conception of God or gods as anything distinct from natural objects and forces ; and such, in its essential features, was no doubt the most primitive worship of humanity.

From this fetichism which employs senseless charms and incantations in the worship of trees, and stones, and other such ordinary objects, the progress would be direct and simple to the worship of the more grand and imposing phenomena and operations of nature, such as sun and moon, storms and floods, and so forth. And thus the growth of the mind through observation and experience, and the

slow development of the religious sentiment, would gradually lead to hero-worship and various other forms of polytheistic idolatry.

Idolatry and hero-worship instead of being originally the result of a fall and degradation from pure God-worship, was no doubt a growth and elevation from the primitive fetichism or childish nature-worship. Human history, language, and the whole natural order of development support this theory of the origin and growth of worship.

It is probable that idolatry distinct and proper, began in hero-worship, and that still later the more imposing objects and forces of nature were worshipped as malign or beneficent deities. The earliest conception of gods as individual or personal beings would be associated with the persons of the chiefs of tribes and families. These through their manifest superiority of ability and position, would, in the course of time, come to be honored as superhuman beings while living, and worshipped as gods after, if not before, their death. Then from this hero-worship, which was the original foundation of polytheism, there was, and still is, a definable progress to monotheism or proper God-worship. And all advanced forms of polytheism, or the worship of many gods, have led the most forward minds to the conception and worship of the Supreme Deity. In all the maturer systems of polytheism, whether Egyptian, Hindoo, Persian, Greek, or Roman, there is no doubt that the superior minds were believers in the one Infinite Creator and Ruler of the Universe.

Thus all worship, if fully developed in its proper tendency, would lead to spiritual God-worship. But it is the fashion of religions to decay before coming to full maturity.

It would be interesting if we could trace the whole line of progress from the primitive fetichism to the pure and simple worship of Jesus ; but for the present aim it will be sufficient to keep in mind the fact, that, man began his career in the world with hardly the faintest notion of rational worship ; and we may then perceive that the ignorance and superstition which still abound, are not the effects of a crushing fall from a height of spiritual perfection, but the remains of the original poverty and immaturity.

The majority of Christians have not outgrown fetichism and hero-worship. Trinity and Satan represent the polytheistic idea, which still has an unconscious supremacy in the average Christian mind. The savage employs his charms and fetiches to win the favor and mollify the antagonism of nature ; and the Christian attributes a vague influence of a similar sort to his Bible, and Sabbath, and Sacraments : the savage, a little more advanced, makes a god of the chief of his tribe or nation ; and the Christian exalts a Galilean saint and reformer

to the throne of the universe. The difference between the two is only a difference of degrees. The average Christian religion is only an improved heathenism ; and the improvement is often of a very doubtful character. The savage heathen prays as if the name and nature of his god were Whim : he has no conception of immutable law, and no notion of the eternal order of the world to which his prayers should conform, and to which all the gods must adhere. And in most Christian Churches the worship proceeds in ignorant or wilful disregard of the fundamental law and order of the Universe. If there is any truth distinctly enunciated in science, it is the truth that there is an immutable law and order of development to which the whole creation conforms :

"Over space the clear banner of mind is unfurled,
And the habits of God are the laws of the world."

To this oriental couplet science adds the explanation that the habits of God, or the laws of the world, are as fixed and reliable as the eternal character of God himself. But most of the public prayers of Christendom would imply that God is a mutable being who governs the world by arbitrary caprice. The barbarian tries to bribe his god by specific sacrifices and offerings : and Christians combine in premeditated efforts of prayer to engage God in special performances, which is like trying to influence Congress to particular courses of action by signing and sending in petitions.

In the fable, Hercules is represented as saying to the man who sat praying him to lift his cart out of the mud, Put your own shoulder to the wheel, then start your team, and see if it does n't move. The man tried it, and succeeded without help from Hercules. We may read the moral thus : Don't pray for help unless you are at the same time trying to help yourself ; and don't pray for truth unless you are willing to receive and obey a larger and freer truth than you have already got.

Not to speak of praying for rain, or against pestilence instead of paying a right observance to the sanitary laws, there are some other examples of vain and inconsequent praying waiting to be mentioned. A special day is set apart as a day of prayer for colleges. But is that the way to get good and efficient colleges ? Was there ever a sectarian institution of learning that has been brought to the proper standard of the times by this combination method of prayer ? The case is clear that if good and efficient colleges are wanted, there must be able and cultivated faculties and boards of management. But if the institutions are managed by bigots and sectaries, and the people who support them are devoted to bigotry and sectarianism, then it is not

in the least likely that the special days of prayer will contribute anything towards furnishing the country with the proper sort of colleges and other institutions of learning.

Take for another example the custom of praying for rulers and men in authority. The people have, perchance, elected dishonest and incompetent demagogues to high office, and ministers and people pray God to endow them with honesty, wisdom, and statesmanship. But if that is the proper way to do the business, then the people had better elect to permanent office wooden governors and cast-iron presidents, and get them endowed with all the essential moral and intellectual attributes by this easy method.

I have mentioned these familiar examples of common methods and notions of prayer not simply for the pleasure of trying to make them appear unreasonable and ridiculous, but in the hope of making somewhat more clear the necessity which all should feel of aspiring toward higher and saner methods and ideas of worship. The number of similar examples and illustrations might be indefinitely multiplied. But if an ordinary revival meeting is not enough to convince one of the pusillanimity and insanity of a very considerable proportion of the popular worship of the times, then there is no present hope of convincing by any amount of argument or illustration.

"We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers."

Doubtless the world is vastly better off just because so many prayers fail of their sincere object and desire. I suspect that it would be a worse calamity than a general earthquake if all the honest and devout prayers of any Sunday in the year, offered in Christian Churches, should meet with a literal and exact fulfilment.

Those who are wise in their worship will recognize the supremacy of law and order throughout the Universe. God never in a single instance governs by mere whim or caprice, and no prayer can meet with a favorable answer unless it is advanced by the reason and law of the world. I do not mean to announce any specific rule of devotion to which every one must conform or fail in the proper objects and ends of devotion. Prayer is properly a spiritual exercise, and the spiritual results of devout prayer must be favorable to the one who prays, and to others who devoutly pray with him, however foolish it may appear when viewed simply by the understanding. But it is still true that it is vain to pray against the law of gravitation, or against

any other law of nature. A foolish or unreasonable prayer can never succeed in virtue of its folly and unreasonableness : it only succeeds to the extent that it is in conformity with reason and right tendencies. Devoutness and sincerity do of themselves confer a high advantage upon the possessor of these qualities, even when conjoined with gross ignorance and superstition, but never because they are so conjoined. We pray with the spirit when we are devout and sincere ; we pray with the understanding when we make our devotions conform with a reasonable comprehension of the laws and facts of life.

Prayer should never be adopted as an economic or acquisitive agency. Praying for special material commodities is a degradation of the religious sentiment. It is trying to possess oneself of emoluments and advantages without paying a proper equivalent.

Very simple and heroic in comparison with the average of Christian prayers is this prayer of the ancient Spartans : "May the gods grant whatever is honorable and good for us, and enable us to endure misfortune." This is a heathen prayer, the only prayer of a very brave and heroic people, and its modesty, simplicity, and heroism would still furnish a very good model even for Christian praying.

A great deal of what is called praying is only an impertinent and presumptuous kind of begging, or else a formal asking for what no one particularly desires. There is profane praying as well as profane swearing, and of the two the profane swearing is probably the least profane. There are some of the best and most religious people who are not helped or improved by any formal acts of devotion. Worshipping God, the Supreme Good, in spirit and in truth, that is, in the sincerity and devotedness of their whole lives, they may be so profoundly religious that all formal and specific prayer shall seem only a superficial effort to utter the unutterable, or as a sort of dictation to the Supreme One in whom they wholly confide. The Koran says, "One hour of equity is better than seventy years of devotion." Of course the meaning is, that equity is infinitely better than any amount of such imperfect devotion as is possible without equity. But right devotion will be directed to truth, and justice, and kindness, and all the divine accomplishments of manhood or womanhood ; and such devotion can well enough afford to dispense with all forms of premeditated worship. True life and aspiration constitute the only true and essential worship. Man is the temple, and the life that any one is living is the worship which he supports, and the only worship that he can support.

"Devoutly look, and naught
But wonders shall pass by thee ;

Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee ;
Devoutly speak and men
Devoutly listen to thee ;
Devoutly act and then
The strength of God acts through thee."

Where formal worship and systematic praying abound, there ignorance, and fraud, and oppression do often much more abound. There is no essential connection betwixt justice and church going, or betwixt philanthropy and prayer meetings. But right worship must of necessity exalt and purify the spirit, and lead to nobler living. We plod through our formal devotions, but it is doubtful if one in ten thousand knows the transcendent joy and exaltation of devout and spiritual worship. Real worship would soon transform our slow market carts of custom into chariots of the sun.

EVERETT FINLEY.

EARNEST WORDS TO MOTHERS.

I WRITE unto you, mothers, that you may purify the world. Let us lay aside for a time the subjects of "equal rights," woman's capacity for political privileges, and the necessity for new avenues in which she may labor and obtain an honest livelihood, — subjects which are inspiring and agitating so many noble hearts, and ready pens, and look still deeper, into something pertaining to the inner sanctities of home life, the fountain from which should always flow pure, sweet waters, preparing and strengthening all who taste them to meet and overcome life's temptations.

I have addressed myself to mothers. My words should interest all who have charge of children, but mothers more particularly, on account of the great and lasting influences which they exert upon the hearts and characters of those who look up to them as an embodiment of all that is best and dearest, and because the duties of which I am to speak are intrinsically a mother's, and should never be given up to, or left for another to perform.

There is a painful, and remarkable ignorance among young girls, and many *not* young, with regard to their physical constitution and development. They are taught Mathematics, Languages, Science and "Accomplishments," and perhaps skim over the surface of Physiology, but how many mothers teach their children this most important of all

sciences? How many explain the structure, nature, and function of each organ, and the relation it bears to life; the right manner of use, and the terrible consequences of abuse, and show them how to live so that they may make the body a fitting "Temple of the Living God!"

I may overestimate this ignorance, but I know many, many girls whose only knowledge of laws, a right understanding of which is of the utmost importance, and bears the closest relation to their future health, happiness and usefulness, has been attained from schoolmates alike destitute of a mother's instruction, or from forbidden books.

And are they thankful for this knowledge? Do they feel that they have learned something useful and beneficial? Ah, no! The fruits of deceit and concealment are a burden, not a blessing. It is something to be thought of with blushes, to be kept from a mother's ear, to be talked of in secret places, and as if it were impure.

Why is this? Is it because the laws which govern our bodies, our whole lives, *are impure*, unworthy to be studied? Do we thus regard our Heavenly Father? Should we thus degrade His works?

These laws are the same as those which govern the lives of plants and animals. Children are taught of those—taught to look with admiration and delight, at the development of the beautiful blossom from the tiny germ, and its final transformation into the perfect flower and fruit, but of themselves, God's "noblest work," they are left in ignorance. Better, far, that as little children, they should be taught of their own structure and development, as of the plants and trees, and taught to trace in it God's loving mind and hand, than, at the age when they most need care and sympathy, when new mysterious feelings are pressing upon them, and the great questions of life rise before them, that they should be forced to learn from playmates, or ignorant, perhaps vulgar servants, those things which it should be a mother's *privilege* to teach, and of the sacredness of which they cannot have too high a conception!

"But," say some mothers, "I tell my children all that is necessary, there is time enough." And others,—"I cannot speak of these things, it is too embarrassing,"—"I do it, but it is mortifying." (These are from life.)

Do you tell them all that is necessary? Do *you* know all that you ought of these wonderful matters—these daily miracles? Have you labored earnestly to inform yourself concerning these laws? Do you tell your daughters, yes, and your boys, that "a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit,"—that our moral and physical qualities are transmitted from generation to generation, and that we are all more or less

responsible for the lives which may spring from ours: that all our actions, from childhood up, are laying the foundations not only of our own character, but of "generations yet unborn"?

I know good, conscientious mothers whose children have suffered years of sickness and pain, from a most unnecessary and really culpable lack of knowledge of simple cause and effect. Is there "time enough"? I know young wives and mothers who have entered upon married life, as ignorant and thoughtless of its responsibilities and duties as children. One said to me,—"My mother did n't tell me anything, I don't think it is right,"—and another, almost a child, suffering from hereditary scrofula, "I am afraid my baby will have it. I wish he had never been born. But I did n't know about these things"!

And you, O, mother, who "cannot speak of these things"! Is life to you so trivial, so base a thing that its most intimate and tender relations are corrupted and considered impure? Are you using it but for pleasure, unconscious of its deeper meanings? Are your children beings sent to you merely for *your* pleasure, and do you not feel in how great a degree all their future, their power for good or ill which shall extend through all time, depends upon what you teach them of life, its duties and blessings? Do you realize that your neglect of, or silence upon these matters, causes them to think them of slight importance, or, still worse, fills their minds with low conceptions of them,—causes them to hide their stolen knowledge from you, and to turn away when your sympathy and advice might give peace and health and happiness to your daughter, and turning his heart from evil, and filling it with lofty, noble, pure Ideals, be a lifetime of purity, strength, and useful manhood to your tempted boy?

Worse than sickness or suffering, is this false modesty which makes girls say, "I *could n't* tell my mother," which exposes boys unwarned, unarmed, to temptations which too often embitter a whole life, — *many* lives—for "every crime destroys more Edens than our own"—which allows young men and women to form ties, and relations, without a thought of their sanctity, or a knowledge of the responsibilities which they are taking upon themselves, causes so much disease and crime, (for crime is often but a product of transmitted disease and misguided passions) and makes people ashamed or afraid to enter into an explanation of God's most holy laws!

We pray for God's Kingdom to come. How can we hope for it, if we do not lay its foundations in pure, healthful lives? We cannot do this without knowledge.

O, mothers! Teach your children to study the structure and uses of

each bodily organ as earnestly and religiously as the writings of inspired men. This is a word written by God's own hand. Teach them that "to the pure" *all* His laws are filled with beauty, and that the deeper their knowledge, the more truly will they worship Him, and the more earnestly will they strive so to live that His "Kingdom" upon earth will be hastened, not retarded by them.

Teach them, before condemning erring fellow-beings, to try to learn what has caused their sin — to see how productive ignorance and disease are of crime, and to deem no action small which can show the "beauty of holiness" to *one* poor mortal who does not see its light, or feel its power.

It is sad to see girls using their gifts of beauty, grace, or intellect, to attract others, particularly the opposite sex, to *self*, forgetful of the nobler ends for which they were created, heedless of the great power and influence for good which they thus lose, but it is sadder still to see *mothers* negligent of *their* power and influence, letting weeds spring up in the fair gardens, which, if properly cultured, would yield rich fruits and flowers, the sweetness and fragrance from which, might gladden many hearts, and teach them of the good "All Father"; and make the beautiful world still more beautiful!

Fill your children's minds and hearts with beautiful ideals and noble aspirations, that they may be able to associate the beautiful word *Mother* with all that is highest and purest in their thoughts, and that all things, no matter how common, may be lifted up and put to noble uses.

Let us keep our hearts so pure that we "shall see God" in all things. How can a thought of evil enter the sanctuary where He dwells! In His presence, we will not blush at an explanation of His works, nor fear that by teaching the young of them, we shall make them less pure.

B. D.

MADISON, Wisconsin.

O CHILD! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.

— Longfellow.

WHAT ABOUT RELIGION ?

A CAPITAL feature of THE RADICAL, and that which, conjoined with its rational spirit, commends it to the patronage of all comprehensive thinkers, is its ostensible *devotion to Religion* in a sense quite distinct from that of the organ of any religious sect. It is the fact, that without advocating faith and worship according to any projected form, it addresses itself to the work of discussing the merits of all ecclesiastical creeds and ordinances. This work is more or less incumbent on every public teacher, in proportion to the rank of each in the Normal School of Progress. It can not be wholly let alone by any successful agent of human development. The reason is, that human nature, in the passing era of its genesis, is overwhelmed with religious affections which paralyze the rational faculties, which must therefore be suppressed or overcome, and which it is impossible for nascent Reason to surmount, without a primordial penetration of the sacred mystery in which the substance of Religion has been hitherto enveloped. Such is the predicament especially of confirmed believers ; and there is no way of escape from it, until somebody breaks the spell of devotion which prevents its victims from seeing the hideousness of what they blindly worship. This act is identical with that of discovering the essence, rationale, origin and sinister purpose of Religion itself, and co-ordinate with the purported practical purpose of THE RADICAL, which doubtless aims to effect the broadest research for human good. But there is to be much plowing of mental soil preparatory to the broadest dissemination of principles, much rooting out of old errors prior to pansophical intelligence for the discovery of Right, or the *means* of Good. Thus I explicate THE RADICAL's seeming devotion ; and this view of the matter moves me to make some suggestions for the editor's drawer, touching what the pioneers of Progress have to do with Religion. If anything aside from what ecclesiastics are doing, it must be to inculcate the exact truth of the thing and its appurtenances, as indicated above. Ignorance in this regard is what occasions all the pitiful workings of Reverence without Reason. The common want of understanding *what Religion is*, is almost identical with its essence, is the venerable mother of all that is false in its name. The time has come at length to put the question ; and I bespeak its answer to the perfect disabuse of every reasoning mind.

Without referring to the dictionary, which sheds no rational light

upon the subject, and adds nothing to the vulgar acceptance of the word, Religion being a nut which lexicographers, with due regard to the popular sense of propriety, have no disposition to crack ; and without resorting to philology touching the *etymon* of the word, which yields only a hint of mental bondage to no reasonable purpose ; I will come, with as little circumlocution as possible, to the core of the question, by answering that, literally speaking, *Religion* is another name for *Superstition*. Both words are often applied to one and the same thing, and they never signify things more apart from each other than different species of the same genus. Thus, Catholicism embodies many items which Protestants call superstitions ; and the same is true of the mutual criticism of all minor sects. Every believer is more or less exclusive, and by so much infidel to all creeds but his own. In this way the Religion of each becomes by turns the superstition of all ; and this suggestion of their identity is favored by the fact that, however distinctive the popular acceptance of the two words may be, their significance is so homogeneous as to be distinguishable only as different modifications of the same thing. Thus Webster defines superstition as "false religion ;" but show me any kind of religion which is *not* false, and which is not properly conceived to be false by all but its special devotees ; that is, by all who understand its nature, since no religion is acceptable in terms of *knowledge*, but only in those of *belief*. This is as true of Religion, in the best sense of the word, as of superstition, in the worst sense of the word. This I will undertake to demonstrate by analysis, which determines the identity of what both words signify. But for sake of perspicuity in approaching the subject, it is necessary to begin with distinguishing *Religion per se*, from that with which, no matter why, or how, it is very generally confounded.

"Doing good is my religion," said Thomas Paine, who in so saying adopted a misnomer which often serves as a comely mask for the ugly face of error. He did not mean to style himself a religious man. That was a grade below his ideal of character, if not rather despicable. Religion in the proper sense of the word, was the scouted scorn of his pen. He was anything but devout, as Christians estimate devotion ; nor are they commonly half so indiscriminate as his figure of speech would seem to imply. The clergy generally wish it to be understood that Virtue is part and parcel of the Gospel ; though *they* never quite ignore the distinction. Yet Orthodox preachers often labor earnestly to impress the votaries of their faith that Religion without Morality is better than Morality without Religion. I recollect an instance of this kind, which happened less than ten

years ago at the funeral of one of my neighbors, when the officiating country pastor made a special effort to persuade the halting portion of his flock that moral character is no hinge of station in the world to come. "Beware of trusting in your own righteousness," said he. "Good works are well for the peace of society in this world, but they avail nothing for the soul's salvation. *Faith in the imputed righteousness of Christ* will be your only effectual plea at the bar of the last judgment." And this sentiment, though rarely inculcated in these express terms, is more or less implied by every churchly pretense of looking to Jesus as the Saviour of the world.

The truth is, Jesus himself never assumed the character, but rather betrayed his own rational and moral superiority to the Christian faith, of which he said nothing *pro* or *con*, because of its later origin than his own utterances of the true Gospel whereby Paul's religion is incidentally refuted. In fact, Jesus never employed the word *religion*, or its Hebrew equivalent, in any of his formal teachings, so far as they have been reported to us ; and never referred to the extant rites and dogmas of Jew or Gentile, except in reprehensive terms. His biography, nay, even his Sermon on the Mount, proves him to have been no more of a religionist than was the author of the Age of Reason. Not Religion, but *Righteousness*, was the great subject of his teaching and example. "Except your righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye can not enter the Kingdom of Heaven," said he ; *your righteousness*, not *your faith* in that which another has wrought. Such was the principle which he advocated as the only means of salvation. Salvation ? — Not that which burdens the pulpit tongue, not salvation from the supposititious wrath of God, but from temporal Evil, the issue of Ignorance, Error and Wrong ; not salvation from the fabled Hell of Divine Vengeance, but from that of human perversion into which it is possible to turn the Infinite Munificence of *Our Father in Heaven*, whither He welcomes all His rational children.

But the fact that Jesus of Nazareth taught thus and so, is a poor pretext for assumption. I seek no man's opinion, but everybody's conviction, that *RIGHTEOUSNESS*, and not Religion, is the sole method of attaining the supreme end of Being. This truth has been generally ignored hitherto, almost every mind in Christendom being committed to the equivocal belief, either that man wants nothing but Religion, or else that Morality is its mere complement, to the consummation of human destiny. But I maintain, not only the insufficiency of Religion, but more than that, its inevitable tendency to hinder Righteousness, which is the *sine qua non* of all that is intelligently desirable.

Here are three irreconcilable postulates, only one of which can be

true ; one of them being intermediate in significance to the other two, which are properly characterized as *rational* and *irrational*. To put this discrimination in the clearest light, I quote the following neat paralogism from the introduction to the Comprehensive Commentary ; a work compiled and published, several years ago, in the united interest of those three or four Christian sects, the votaries of whose punctilious fellowship claim to be exclusively Evangelical, for the simple reason that *they alone* are capable of implicit faith ; that is to say, of assenting to certain dogmas of ecclesiastical authority which will not bear the light of even momentary Reason ; while they differ only as to a reasonable diversity of taste for the inutile formalities of public worship. Though not always so tersely expressed, there is no Orthodoxy without the assumption,

"1. That Religion is the one thing needful.

"2. That Divine Revelation is necessary to true Religion.

"3. That Divine Revelation is now to be found only in the Old and New Testament."

Let me compromise the force of my logic, by inferiority of style, I venture to respond in borrowed rhetoric,

1. That **RIGHTEOUSNESS** is the one thing needful.

2. That *Intelligence* is necessary to Righteousness.

3. That Intelligence is now to be found, where it always has been found, only in active brains.

GEORGE STEARNS.

A LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RADICAL.

Dear Friend :—"These are good words bravely spoken," thought I, when I read your article entitled "In the Way," in *The Radical* last June ; and again, when I read your brief note in the August number, which called forth a letter from Joseph May. When I read that letter, I thought, "Mr. May writes in a good spirit, and his views of Jesus are not unworthy of him ; but he entirely misunderstands his friend Morse, and does him great injustice." Reading the introductory note in which you declined to make any reply, I thought you were very patient. I can appreciate the feeling which I suppose you may have had, when a man with so good a heart and sound a mind as Joseph May's, called in question your plain words, and think you were

justified in not endeavoring further to explain. But I am moved to write and let you know that you have had my sympathy and approval in both the instances to which I have referred.

I saw no intimation that you regarded it as any fault of Jesus that he is in the way ; and I have special reason to believe that you did not write from any dislike of him. At your request, some of the harshest criticisms were struck out from my article on his character in the July number. At your request, I doubled my care that my attack on the scriptural Jesus should not be mistaken for an attack on the true one. It were well that the readers of *The Radical* should know this.

I regarded your remarks as referring to a single instance of a general tendency that I have often noticed in my observation of human affairs. The old prophet is always getting in the way of the new one. People's minds are so preoccupied with thoughts of their former oracle that the new man can obtain no candid hearing ; and farther progress is impeded, therefore. I doubt not that any man who attempts to preach regularly to the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston, finds Theodore Parker very much in his way. Our church is without a pastor. We have thought of inviting to the vacant place an eminent clergyman from a distant city ; but the objection has been seriously made, that while his presence would be temporary prosperity, his subsequent absence would be utter ruin.

The past is ever getting in the way of the present. Moses found the flesh pots of Egypt sadly in the way of the Israelites, whom he was guiding through the Arabian desert. It was no fault of the flesh pots. They had been very good flesh pots, and had come at a time when the hard-worked Hebrew slaves had sufficient need of their contents. It would have been inexcusable in Moses not to consider what blessings they had been to his poor brethren while he was feasting in Pharaoh's palace. But the better they had been, and the more accurately their merits were recollected, the more Moses found them in the way.

If Jesus is in the way of a just appreciation of his successors, so of his predecessors also. At the risk of repeating what your readers have often read, let me remind them that through many long ages prior to the Christian era, the world had been divided into petty nationalities, each speaking a peculiar dialect, and in almost perpetual war with its neighbors. The Roman arms had subdued all these and reduced the world to peace. A knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages had been spread everywhere between the Parthian desert and the Pillars of Hercules. National jealousies were everywhere softening.

Under the influence of Gamaliel, chief of that sect of Pharisees which Jesus so bitterly denounced, it was enacted that "Gentile and Jew should henceforth without distinction, be allowed the gleanings of the harvest field. Even on the days specially set apart to his idol-worship, the former should be greeted with the salutation of peace. Of his poor the same care was to be taken, his sick were to be tended, his dead to be buried, his mourners to be comforted, exactly as if they belonged to the Jewish community."* Hillel, the grandfather of Gamaliel, had announced the Golden Rule. A hundred years before, a Roman poet had said, "I am a human being, and to me nothing human is foreign." Think of the jealousy of foreigners now prevailing in Christian lands; then think of this noble sentiment uttered by a heathen two thousand years ago. The Roman nation had taken the very significant step of conferring all the rights of Roman citizenship upon natives of every part of the world. A cosmopolitan religion could never have been established before. It was its manifest destiny to be established then. A spirit by which Jesus was largely inspired was the better spirit of his age. Had he not been its prophet, it would have found expression through other lips, and had been finding expression through other lips. Well might he say to his disciples, "I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labor. Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors." And now because God's great moral year is long, and between its seed-time and harvest many generations intervene, shall the plowman and the sower be overlooked, and to the harvester alone be awarded the glory of fruition? Let Jesus himself answer. "He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal, that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

It is most to be regretted that Jesus is in the way of a proper appreciation of the native worth of humanity. If we grant that he lighted the still burning torch by which we most clearly see that worth, it may still have happened that he has been forced into a position whence he casts a shadow upon it. Better, it may be, the torch and shadow than darkness without either; better still the torch without the shadow. This anxiety to exalt any man above all his fellows, betrays a lack of appreciation of what it is to be equal with man, and of what constitutes humanity's truest worth.

The great tree of humanity was fore-ordained from the beginning of its growth, not indeed by an arbitrary decree, but by a law implanted in its nature, to produce, at fruit-bearing age, its first rich fruit on this or that twig, or some other. If it has since continued bearing fruit,

* Chambers's Encyclopedia, Art. Gamaliel.

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shall all this subsequent fruition be regarded as the sole invention and patent-right of the first fruitful twig? Shall we never understand that the tree bears the twig, and not the twig the tree? If we believed the twig to have been a scion of some nobler stock grafted on humanity's tree, we might expend our strength in glorifying the twig. But we do not so believe. The twig was a natural growth, and bore natural fruit, — less worm-eaten, it may be, than that of some others, but still altogether natural.

I am inclined to the opinion that Jesus gave the world the first intimation of some of the most precious truths in religion. If so, it is well that we should gratefully acknowledge our obligations; but it is not well that we should be so exclusively intent thereupon, as to forget that he also manifests the native greatness of humanity, who properly recognizes a truth, receiving it from another's lips. Who knows that God loves the one more than the other, or will finally exalt the one above the other? The inspiration of discovery and the inspiration of recognition are gifts of the same God; and it honors Him not to undervalue either. "Who maketh thee to differ?"

Setting aside the gifts of genius or intellectual inspiration, who dares deny that lowly women, of whom the world has never heard, have in their humble sphere served God as earnestly, as faithfully, and as lovingly as Jesus, Channing, or Parker? Genius, however unwillingly, is always getting in the way of that which is better than genius; and neither Jesus, Channing, nor Parker could say where their shadows should fall. Let no one blame them; for who has striven more than they to exalt lowly worth?

A stone projects upward from the ground in my neighbor's road, obstructing all progress thereupon. *Now*, the larger the stone, the more it is *in* the way. He blasts or hammers off the projecting portion; and what is left makes excellent pavement. The portion removed serves to fill a dangerous chasm elsewhere. *Then*, the larger the stone, the more it is *of* the way. When all is done, how natural for him to rejoice that the stone is "out of the way" — truly so by allowable figure of speech, though no atom has been literally removed from his road. Notwithstanding all that I have said, the idea of the Divine and Perfect Man embodied in the peasant of Galilee, especially as set forth by Channing and Ballou, is one of the most precious inheritances that have descended to us from former generations; and when he shall have been removed out of the way, he will more than ever be the way, the truth, and the life. So let the dead past hasten to bury its dead, that what is sown in corruption may be raised in glory.

Yours truly,

M. H. DOOLITTLE.

LAUS VENERIS.

MR. SWINBURNE has good reason to complain of his critics for many reasons, but especially for the manner in which they have treated his *Laus Veneris*, a poem which even the intelligent critic in the *Westminster Review* fails to appreciate, and sets down as "repulsive" in subject. In view of so much adverse criticism, it might be not altogether a thankless task to consider this production and the different stand-points from which it has been attacked.

In his "Hymn to Proserpina," Mr. Swinburne has given us a key to his art-sympathies — one which we must use, if we would really penetrate into the systematizing thought of his productions. He says, "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galelean; the world has grown gray from thy breath,

We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death."

* Few persons, save those who, either by natural tendency, or minute and prolonged study, have entered into the spirit of Greek antiquity, can understand how true these words are from a Greek point of view — how exceedingly true. To those who can look at things only from a Christian or Romantic position, they will appear little less than blasphemous. Nor is this strange, if we consider the difference between the two stand-points.

The ideal of the Greek was beauty, as concentered in perfection in the conception of Venus; that of the Hebrew was holiness, as manifested in the person of Jesus. The Greeks found and recognized their ideal at an early period of their national history, while the Jews did not attain theirs till the eve of their downfall, and even then could not identify it. Hence it was that the efforts of the former took the form of art, the actualization of a found ideal; those of the latter that of religion — search for the ideal. The Hebrew ideal, too, once realized in Jesus, was not long in taking the form of art, but it was an art wherein no longer the beautiful, but the holy, the divine, was sought to be represented or symbolized. Between the two ideals there was a profound and even radical difference, and it is only a shallow mind given to the pursuit of facile generalizations that would seek to confound them. Beauty may or may not be holy, holiness may or may not be beautiful. A picture of the Crucifixion may appeal, and does appeal to the holiest feelings in our nature; but it can never be otherwise than hideously ugly. There are few things more beautiful than an undraped Greek Venus or Apollo, but I have never been able to find anything holy about them. The eye that does not dwell with rapture, upon the

eloquence of Phryne, or upon the nude athlete, is blind to the beautiful ; but that is no reason why it should not find delight in regarding a Madonna, or a crucifixion.

It is no doubt true that the beautiful and the holy might be combined, and it is possible that the highest art would be that which should effect this combination ; still it can be abundantly shown not to be a matter of necessity.

If now we consider Mr. Swinburne as, what he claims to be, an artist in the Greek sense, and look in his *Laus Veneris* only for the beautiful, we shall be putting it to a fair test. If, on the contrary, we look for religious or moral ideas, we shall be looking for what no Greek artist ever thought of putting into his works, and what we have no right to blame Mr. Swinburne for not putting into his. Shall we find fault with the *Iliad* because it is not *Paradise Lost*, or with Anacreon, because His *Night Thoughts* were not precisely those of Young ?

We know that the teachings of Christianity were to the Greek foolishness, why then we wonder that the Hellenic spirit appears as a spirit of blasphemy to the Christian ? We may say, if we choose, that the Greek ideal is far inferior to the Hebrew one, and ought to disappear before it ; but what then ? Shall we burn all the copies of Homer and the Greek Tragedies, grind the marbles of the Parthenon to powder, and send Venus back to her native element ? Can we not rather find in our bosoms room for the two ideals, and try whether we might not make them harmonize there ? The beautiful alone is not good for man, else why did Greece fall ? The holy alone is not sufficient for man : else why is Israel a wanderer ? It may be safely affirmed that Greece and Israel in one could never have fallen. The Israelite could see eternal reason, as no man but himself ever saw it ; the Greek could give it shape with tools which he buried fathom-deep when his work was done, and whose tomb he told no man the secret of. The vision of the former was profound, limitless even, but not clear ; that of the latter was clear but not deep.

As Christianity is the worship of the holy through devotion ; so Greek Paganism is the worship of the beautiful through love. Devotion is conversant with the holy alone ; love with the beautiful alone. The worship of the perfectly holy will be ecstasy ; that of the perfectly beautiful, an all-absorbing love.

Laus Veneris is an attempt to portray this all-absorbing love in antagonism with the spirit of Christianity. The story is founded upon a mediæval legend, part of which is prefixed to the poem in Rabelaisque French, and which has been made by Heinrich Heine the subject of a well-known ballad, *Tannhäuser*. It is this :

A knight after having lived in the Mount Horsel with Venus, for seven years, gets solicitous about his soul's salvation, and makes a pilgrimage to Rome to demand absolution from the Pope, who, however, on learning the nature of his sin, utters the terrible sentence :—

"Until this dry shred staff that hath no whit
Of leaf nor bark, bear blossom and smell sweet,
Seek thou not any mercy in God's sight,
For so long shalt thou be cast out from it."

"Then he (the knight) spake weeping :— 'Alas, too wretched man and accursed sinner, never shall I behold God's compassion and mercy. Wherefore I will get me hence, and hide me in the Mount Horsel, craving for favor and loving mercy, my sweet dame Venus, inasmuch as for love of her, I shall surely be damned forever in hell. This is the end of all my deeds of alms, and of all my beautiful songs. Alas ! too fair were the face of my lady and her eyes, and in an evil day I saw these things.'

"Then he departed with lamentation and returned to her abode, and there lived sorrowfully in great love with his lady. Then afterwards it came to pass that one day the pope saw burst forth on his staff abundance of beautiful flowers, red and white, and many buds and leaves, and also he saw all the bark renew its green. Whereof he had great great fear and was much moved, and great pity took hold of him for this knight who had departed without hope, like a man miserable and damned. Wherefore he sent many messengers after him to bring him back, saying that he should have of God grace and good absolution for his great sin of love. But never more did they see him ; for always this poor knight abode with Venus, the high and strong goddess, in the flanks of the amorous mountain."

Here we have the Greek and the Christian worlds brought face to face, in the hour of their full development ; and it may be that the poet has here announced on which side he himself intends to stand. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the poem celebrates the Greek Ideal, and places it far above the Christian one ; and that the author's sympathies are all with the former, although he does not seem incapable of appreciating the latter.

The form of *Laus Veneris* is that of a soliloquy uttered by the knight of the Horsel, as he lies awake, some time after his return from Rome, by the side of the Sleeping Venus. The goddess lies breathing so quietly that he cannot tell whether she is asleep or awake. To decide the point he imprints a kiss upon her neck, and observing that "there is no vein at work upon the face," he concludes that

..... No doubt

Deep sleep has warmed her blood through all its ways.

Gazing on her with rapture, he feels all the weird mystery of beauty, and thinks of her power in the past : —

“ Lo, this is she who was the world’s delight ;
The old gray years were parcels of her might.”

Comparing her with Christ — beauty with holiness — he finds more attractions in the former : —

“ Alas, Lord, surely thou art great and fair
But lo, her wonderfully woven hair !
And thou didst heal us with thy piteous kiss ;
But see now, Lord ; her mouth is lovelier.
She is right fair ; what hath she done to thee ?
Nay, fair Lord Christ, lift up thine eyes and see ;
Had now thy mother such a lip — like this !
Thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to me.”

But, unlike beauty which woos our love, holiness claims and demands our fealty and devotion, nor can we refuse them and enjoy peace. The knight expresses his unrest in these remarkable terms :

“ Inside the Horsel here the air is hot ;
Right little peace one hath for it, God wot ;
The scented dusty daylight burns the air,
And my heart chokes me till I hear it not.”

From this he reverts to the sleeping beauty, and tries to fill his whole soul with love : —

“ Behold my Venus, my soul’s body, lies
With my love laid upon her garment — wise,
Feeling my love in all her limbs and hair,
And shed between her eyelids through her eyes.”

Sappho herself could not have given more fitting expression to the intensity of love. Venus is his soul’s body ; he is conscious in every limb and hair of her, his love clothes her as a garment, and is so subtle that it passes between her closed eyelids through her eyes.

But the love of the Greek stood in close connection with a baser passion, which indeed can hardly be severed from the worship of the purely beautiful at all, viz : Desire, or, as the poet calls it, Love. A Greek would have said Erōs. It is said to stand over the head of Venus, wan as ‘ foam blown up, the salt burnt sands.’ Hot as the brackish waves of yellow spume weaving ‘ with the hair of many a ruined head ’ a web, which when ‘ reeled off curls and goes out like steam ’ : it is ‘ crowned with gilt thorns, and *clothed with flesh of fire.*’ No wonder that ‘ night falls like fire,’ and plagues the Knight with bitter sleeplessness. Lust is a burning torment that makes him long for coolness, rest, oblivion : his flesh is a burden to him.

" Ah yet would God this flesh of mine might be
Where air might wash and long leaves cover me ;
Where tides of grass break into foam of flowers,
Or where the wind's feet shine along the sea."

" That death were not more pitiful than desire,
That these things were not one thing and the same !"

And he crowds similes and epithets together in order to express the intensity of his desire for rest from the fleshly passion.

Attracted for a moment by hearing 'the wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain,' he reflects how 'outside it must be winter among men,' how knights will be gathering 'riding sharp for cold,' how the ways and woods will be 'strangled with the snow,' how 'with short song maidens'

. "spin and sit
Until Christ's coming, lily-like arow."

How cool and pleasant it would be out there ! What a contrast to the interior of the Horsel !

" The scent and shadow shed about me make
The very soul in all my senses ache ;
The hot hard night is fed upon my breath,
And sleep beholds me from afar awake."

Sleep and death both stand aloof ; they have their abode together somewhere among the cool grandeurs of Nature.

" There, lover-like with lips and limbs that meet
They lie, they pluck sweet fruit of life and eat ;
But me the hot and hungry days devour,
And in my mouth no fruit of theirs is sweet."

Not as sleep by death or as man by woman does he lie by Venus, but as those ancients, who 'heard sudden serpents hiss across her hair,' whose 'blood runs round the roots of time like rain.' He thinks of all her cruelties, how

. "with her feet
She tramples all that wine-press of the dead,"

remorselessly.

" There is the knight Adonis that was slain ;
With flesh and blood she chains him for a chain ;
The body and the spirit in her ears
Cry, for her lips divide him vein by vein."

The knight wishes earnestly she would slay him too ; but no ! he for whose sake the extreme

. "hell makes mirth,
Yea, laughter kindles at the heart of hell,"

must cleave to her 'till the ending of the days and ways of earth.' No rest, no respite, though a thousand images of repose and coolness crowd upon his imagination to contrast with the feverish famine in his veins. If his 'soul takes breath' for a moment, it is but to

... "look between the iron sides of death
Into sad hell where all sweet love hath end,
All but the pain that never finisheth,"

and see 'the naked faces of great kings,' singing folk, and 'ladies that were queens,' — among them Cleopatra and Semiramis — all 'grown gray and black now,' 'clad about with sand,' and 'trodden as grapes in the wine-press of lust.'

This is a terrible picture, terrible enough even for Dante's *Inferno*. But such is the pass to which those come, who, from worshipping the purely beautiful, and developing unduly those meaner impulses, upon which that worship in some measure depends, sink at last into the arms of Lust. And this was the only antagonism that the ancient votary of Beauty had to fear. The denizen of the Horsel however has another; he knows something that the other did not know. Contrasting the sins of all the ancients with his own, he finds the latter more heinous than any, inasmuch as he 'was of Christ's choosing,'

... "God's Knight,
No blinkard heathen stumbling for scant light "

and this puts him in mind of the days, when he rode with other knights to battle, as glad and gay as any of them, a chivalrous hero in chivalrous times.

"I smell the breathing battle sharp with blows,
With shriek of shafts and snapping short of bows,
The *fair pure sword* smites out in subtle ways,
Sounds and long lights are shed between the rows
Of beautiful mailed men."

All "the stern joy that warriors feel" finds yet an echo in his breast, and he thinks of an incident that happened ten years before, when, on the banks of the Rhine (he says) —

"I rode alone, a great way off my men,
And heard the chiming bridle smite and smite,
And gave each rhyme thereof some rhyme again,
Till my song shifted to that iron one."

Seeing some of his foe's men approaching, he drew his sword and slew the first 'red-bearded, with square cheeks.' He now reflects that perhaps some poor husband-beaten woman wept that night for the slain knave, a thought which brings him back to the old subject,

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Seeing some of his foe's men approaching, he drew his sword and slew the first 'red-bearded, with square cheeks.' He now reflects that perhaps some poor husband-beaten woman wept that night for the slain knave, a thought which brings him back to the old subject,

the cruelty of Love, which he now views from the stand-point of a Christian knight.

Love, which youth covets so much, is compared to a panther, which one tracks by the scent of crushed perfumes, through reedy jungles, till at last he is seized unawares and devoured by the savage animal. His thoughts then wander back to the time when he himself was entrapped. It was during a long peace, when he 'sat clothed softly,' and sang of love too, knowing naught thereof, but eager to know, that one day, with evil forebodings, he rode up the Horsel, and met Venus among 'the tall ripe grass,' 'naked, with hair shed over to the knee.' He thinks of how she entrapped him, and all the bliss he had for his sin, during the *first period* of his sojourn with her. God at last, to save his soul alive, set him free, whereupon he made a pilgrimage to Rome in the vain hope of obtaining absolution. He returned with a heavy heart :

" And lo my love, mine own soul's heart, more dear
Than mine own soul, more beautiful than God,
Who hath my being between the hands of her —

Fair still, but fair for no man saving me,
As when she came out of the naked sea."

In her embrace he forgot all fear and weariness, all prayers and thanksgivings, and felt delight such as even the fear of everlasting torment could not outweigh, and for even the remembrance of which all the bliss of heaven would be no equivalent. He therefore, addressing Venus, utters his resolution, with which the poem ends :

" For till the thunder of the trumpet be,
Soul may divide from body, but not we
One from another ; I hold thee with my hand,
I let mine eyes have all their will of thee,

" I seal myself upon thee with my might,
Abiding away out of all men's sight
Until God loosen over sea and land
The thunder of the trumpets of the night."

The votary of the beautiful tries in vain to exchange his ideal for that of holiness ; rudely repelled from the latter, he goes back to his own, and cleaves to it with double tenacity and resolution, conscious nevertheless all the while that the other has claims upon him.

This is what Mr. Swinburne has worked out in an art-form in his poem, and I do not find the subject a repulsive one. There will always be some men, chiefly artists, whose ideal will be the purely beautiful, and who must be judged, if judged at all, from that point of view. Greece herself, the artist of the nations, would make but a

sorry figure if judged by the Christian ideal ; nevertheless, it may well remain an open question, whether Greece or Judea has exercised the greater influence in promoting culture and civilization.

In looking at this poem, I have occupied myself altogether with the subject and motives of it, leaving unnoticed many minor points, which might be made matter for criticism. For instance, the beauty and melody of many of the verses deserve the highest praise ; while the prolixity of some parts of the poem richly merit the reverse. The work would gain by the omission of about a half of it. Notwithstanding, it is still a work of art, and, as such, deserves more careful study than I have been able to give to it. As an attempt to glorify the Greek art-principle, I cannot but accord it my heartiest sympathy ; for, looking from an art stand-point, I would repeat Mr. Swinburne's words, and say, that in Christianity —

"We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death."

TOM DAVIDSON.

KING MOB'S BUDGET.

OPENED BEFORE THE REPRESENTATIVE ASSEMBLY OF STATES FOR THE YEAR
A. D. 1868.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSEMBLY: You convene to-day under circumstances differing very widely from those under which you met one year ago. Then, after the war which we had undertaken and consummated for the suppression of rebellion in our Southern provinces, we still remained under the extraordinary enthusiasm which the war had produced. Not content with the legitimate results of the conflict, in having maintained the cohesion of these provinces ; in having preserved the integrity of the government ; and, above all, in having sufficiently vindicated before the world our physical courage upon the battle-field ; we sought to pluck from these results unnatural fruits, in the persuasion that considerations of abstract justice should mingle with our legislation in reconstructing the State. Blinded for the moment by our enthusiasm, we failed to perceive that our prime duty lay in the re-establishing, as speedily as possible, the equilibrium of the body politic, and were ready to attempt a scheme almost unparalleled in the history of governments ; that of organizing political power more in conformity with speculative notions of Right than in accordance with the wise expediences of statesmanship. Out of such notions

sprung the fallacies which we then cherished ; that the welfare of an inconsiderable number of citizens in the political community was a sufficient cause for retarding the restoration of complete municipal government in every part of the nation ; that what we deemed justice to a class, should be held paramount to the peace and commercial prosperity of all.

In advising with you concerning appropriate legislation for the coming year, we desire first to congratulate you upon the fact, that having put aside all questions external to the ordinary, or constitutional policy of conducting the government, we have returned to those more sober and prudent counsels which have influenced us in the past. We desire also to compliment your body upon what we conceive to be a tendency among several of its prominent members to return to practical legislation, leaving behind those projects of a reformatory nature which have already too much disturbed the general harmony.

In administering affairs of State, those projects denominated reforms, cannot be too rigidly guarded against, as they have always a tendency to exceed the limits fixed by authority, and thereby to derange the commercial interests of a country. Wherever in history changes, whether of a religious, political, or social character, have attempted to insinuate themselves into the laws of a people, by arousing the passions of men, they have been the instigators of crime, of blood, and of revolution. Witness the Roman Gracchi attempting agrarian laws for the benefit of the populace, the authors of innumerable dissensions in the State, and of their own assassination ! It cannot be denied that even the exalted teachings of a Pascal, gaining a hold upon the minds of his countrymen, contributed, as a remote cause, much to the excessive horrors of the French Revolution. The history of no European government is without a multitude of warnings to the same intent. And do we not ourselves see, now that it is possible to review calmly our own history, that all the terrible misfortunes of the late war may have sprung as incident to similar causes, from a too marked gravitation in our legislative policy to change the nation's organic law ? In conferring with you upon the future good of the commonwealth, we conceive that we cannot too strongly impress your minds with the gravity of such considerations, and at a time as convulsive as the present with utopian schemes of progress do not hesitate to bring them before you as matters most important for your reflection.

If not impossible, it would at least be difficult, to frame a constitution more replete with wisdom than that handed down to us by our fathers. The necessities of the present, alike with the experiences of the past, recommend that we shall preserve this constitution un-

changed through all future time. The supreme lesson of history is the inviolability of a nation's primal charter. What assumption could be more daring than that we should be able to entertain clearer conceptions of the abstract question of Justice than the authors of our immaculate Constitution! How can we affect, nearly a century later, to get a more complete comprehension of the quality of Democracy than they who looked upon our government in its original purity? Change at any time is deleterious; but an enlargement at the present crisis of those rights and franchises originally granted by our Magna Charter to the various classes of citizens, by unnaturally exciting the prejudices of men might endanger to an extraordinary degree the commercial interests of the nation. It is with supreme satisfaction that we contemplate our recent escape from such a danger. The legislation of your late sessions proposed to confer upon an extensive body of men, just emerged from bondage in our Southern territory, privileges which are our peculiar heritage from the Fathers—our divine right. What injustice would not have been thus entailed upon those who have already sufficiently suffered in the loss of these people as the bulwark of their ancestral wealth, in rudely intrenching upon those prerogatives to power which have been so long conceded to the chivalrous descendants of the cavaliers! For after all, a wise public policy may safely allow something to blood, and the prejudices for Caste need not be wantonly offended.

We submit that we cannot be too grateful for those causes, natural and providential, which have operated to thwart this visionary scheme of legislation. The protracted drouth in our State of Ohio, during the last autumn, which exercised so marked an influence upon the recent ballot there, thus from a local calamity was transformed into a grand national blessing. Here, nature herself seems to have interfered as a balance to the too great ardor of men for eccentric legislation. Not less invaluable to check the rash torrent of enthusiasm engendered by the euphuism of Equal Rights, has been the far-reaching prescience of the solid commercial men of the towns on our Eastern border, exhibited in their desire to return to the old and established order of things.

Elsewhere, as has been shown by the result of elections, in our inland states and cities, even the sordid appetites of men, craving unnatural stimulents, have been subordinated to this auspicious return to more conservative and reasonable counsels. And, perhaps, after all, as events have developed a true national policy, too much praise cannot be accorded our sturdy executive minister who has so stubbornly resisted your attempted infringement of constitutional preroga-

tive. Certainly no circumstances could possibly arise in a nation which would warrant an exercise of power beyond, or outside of, that prescribed in its written, fundamental law. It has even been questioned whether the levy of troops to defend a government against the machinations of internal enemies, was not such an exercise of power. In reviewing the causes which have contributed to moderate the somewhat too extravagant tone, which a year ago we assumed relative to the problem of reconstruction, we must not omit to ascribe to the Press of the country its proper measure of influence in effecting this happy result, by its subdued manner of treating topics of national concern, especially in refraining to agitate to an extreme degree the obnoxious and unprofitable doctrines of Equal Rights..

It has been asserted by those ever fond of agitation, that this doctrine was announced in that earliest declaration of our nationality; but it must be remembered that this sublime instrument, by the mere force of its rhetorical statement, has already gained throughout the civilized world a reputation which it would be impossible to enhance, by the severe application of any of its impracticable maxims. At your present sitting, we desire nothing to impress more weightily your judgment than the conviction that the well-being of a people depends upon the extent of their trade. Commercial cupidity has always been the true source of greatness to nations. Rome, by devouring the petty nationalities about her, was enabled to exhibit to her populace those spectacles of unequaled grandeur which have remained the wonder of history. The present Emperor of the French, by means of a commercial policy which in ten years has doubled the wealth of his Empire, has caused his people to forget those unsubstantial baubles of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, which burst into the anarchy and chaos of the Revolution.

Whatever affects, even temporarily, the commercial interests of a nation should be eliminated from its legislation. Every cause for agitation should be sedulously removed. We should learn wisdom from past experience. We have had already enough of agitation — too many schemes of progress, which have cost us dear in blood and treasure.

In your deliberation upon these truths we would not fail to call your attention to a matter of significant importance. There has — but more especially of late years — arising perhaps from the too ardent spirit of our civilization, grown up in our midst an exalted conception of the utility of Popular Education. After the most profound consideration which we are capable of bestowing upon this subject we are impressed with grave doubt whether a too high standard of intelligence may not

exist for the substantial prosperity of a people. A too rigid cultivation of the understanding, by engendering in the minds of men a spirit of unrest looking toward impossible things, may render them unfit for the common-place, but necessary duties of life. And out of such a spirit grow frequently those discontents and dissensions which disturb society to its depths. We already see the tenets of a transcendental philosophy, growing out of the exotic culture of the East, gradually insinuating itself into the minds of the agricultural and trading population of the West, until there is reason for fear that mental activity there may be in some measure diverted from the hoarding of wealth. We would not affect to deprecate the wisdom of those who, in rendering themselves eminent in literature or science, have builded monuments for future times — men whose influence lies somewhat apart from the movements of active life: nor would we leave those who act as our immediate representatives of power entirely devoid of those acquirements necessary for profitable legislation. But our own history, particularly that of our Southern communities — as also that of other nations — proves that the equilibrium of great governments can be preserved only by the distribution of moderate intelligence among the lower orders. Can it be believed that in vast empires like those of China and Russia, containing populations of almost unnumbered millions, the political equipoise could have been so long maintained with an average intelligence among the people equal to that in France or England?

Recommending again to your consideration the supreme importance of directing all the energies of the nation to the increase of trade, we would call your attention to the fact that the natural march of civilization is always toward the accumulation of material wealth. An active and healthful commerce leaves neither time nor disposition to indulge in those vague metaphysical inquiries concerning the nature of absolute justice and right — questions which have from immemorial times vainly perplexed the human understanding.

For the purpose therefore of more widely extending our commercial industry, as well as for the increase of our national glory, we would recommend the purchase of those countries contiguous to the North Pole, as also the islands of the West Indies lying proximate to our Southern borders, together with those of the Pacific which, in times of storm, might serve as harbors of refuge to our vessels trading with Eastern Asia. Such acquisitions, we assume, would be warranted by the increased cultivation of our various agricultural products, and by the recent introduction of the saccharine beet whose culture must ere long form one of the principle sources of our national trade and rev-

enue. Undertaking such enterprises and engaging in such profitable labors, we cannot but cease to remember those abstractions which, intervening in our legislation, have so long been the cause of discord and excitement; while at the same time we shall build up a fame among nations which will serve as the most convincing evidence of success in our experiment of self-government.

In advising with you upon our Foreign Relations we would suggest the inauguration of a policy liberal and generous, at the same time commanding and statesmanlike.

During our late unfortunate civil war, the English nation, moved by some unaccountable prejudice against our experiment of democratic government, taking advantage of opportunity, issued from her harbors various armed vessels to prey upon our commerce on the high seas, the aggregate losses sustained by our trade from this piracy, amounting to many millions of dollars. To demand as a matter of clear justice the immediate restitution of such vast sums of money would fail in point of expediency, inasmuch as an attempt to sustain such a demand might involve us in an embroglio with the British government, and perhaps other European powers, resulting in still further detriment to our Foreign trade. In order therefore to secure some reparation of our injury, as well as to gratify ancestral prejudice against the mother country, the exigency of our position would seem to require that we should await some similar occasion of war, of England with her own subjects, or some alien enemy, when we may acknowledge Belligerent Rights to her antagonist and seize her trading vessels from the waters.

Returning once more to that question whose agitation is fraught with so much peril to the financial interests of the country — the question of conferring the full franchises of citizenship upon an inferior race — we earnestly beseech you to exclude it from your further deliberations. We are not unaware that it is assumed by some that the individuals of this race are now citizens of the nation; that it is attempted to combat the claim of their inferiority with the fact that wherever the children of this race are found in the schools of the country, whether in our northern or southern section, they make, in the various branches of learning, progress not surpassed if equalled by the children of those who were their former lords. A sophistry so plausible might command something of credence were it not remembered that even among certain species of the lower order of animals the instinct of imitation is extraordinarily developed. But for the present, at least, the discussion of such questions cannot avail. It will only serve to prolong that period of unrest with which we have been so long diseased.

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The beliefs and the enthusiasm which we cherished one year ago, in regard to this and kindred topics, we find it impossible to maintain. To support opinions relative to abstract truth will always be found too costly to nations, as to individuals. To emerge from the present deplorable crisis — whither we were led by the excessive indulgence of such opinions — into that condition of prosperity and national glory which we left behind us, will require, for many years' to come, the combined activities of the country, to be directed to those pursuits productive of material power.

"YE ARE *NOT* ALL CLEAN."

THIS is one of the declarations which Jesus is said to have made to his early disciples. If he were now on earth, he might appropriately address the same idea, but a far stronger expression of it, to the people who claim to be pre-eminently his disciples, and the representatives of his doctrine. Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, however, does not think so; for he is reported as claiming, in a recent ordination-sermon, that the Christian ministry (meaning certainly the ministry of the Orthodox Congregational Church, to which he belongs, and probably intending to include those other sects which call themselves "evangelical,") "is, from beginning to end, *clean*;" and also that it operates "by clean instruments."

Mr. Beecher well knows the advantage of confident boasting. Many a battle has been gained through the confidence wrought by "taking things for granted." Hence this policy is freely used by the leaders of sects as well as the leaders of armies; and among the former as well as the latter, apparently, it has come to be thought — "All is fair in war."

Very much, and in various departments, might be justly alleged against the "cleanness" of what Mr. Beecher means by "the Christian ministry," and the "instruments" of that ministry. I will speak here of but one item in the long catalogue. The system and the agents of the Orthodox Congregational Church are *unclean* by reason of their disregard of truth. I will make two specifications.

The clergy of this church declare that the Bible in both its parts, Old Testament and New, is so inspired as to be infallibly correct in all points; that its contents are truth without mixture of error. Now they have a perfect right to hold this opinion. Nay they *must* hold it,

if the evidence proves it to their minds. But they have it very much at heart that the whole community shall accept this opinion. Unfortunately, the evidence for it is meagre and insufficient, much evidence is presented by scholars tending to the opposite conclusion, and every reader of common intelligence sees many points of self-contradiction, some of which examination shows to be not only seeming, but real, in the book thus claimed as infallible. There is therefore, in the community, much dissent from the church's theory. Then the clergy, (and the propagandist associations established by them, chief among which is the American Tract Society,) come to the rescue of their creed, and try to strengthen the defective chain of evidence by assuming something as true which is not so, namely — That the Bible *claims* infallible correctness ; *declares itself* to be infallibly inspired.

Of course, as in other cases of divergence from truth, this assumption requires many more assumptions to back it ; and these auxiliary assertions of the thing that is not may be found, innumerable, and immeasurable, in all the writings published by the American Tract Society in reference to Biblical inspiration. The same unfounded claim is frequently made in sermons, and in that portion of the periodical press which is under the control of ministers of the class calling themselves 'Evangelical ;' but I specify the American Tract Society, for two reasons ; because it is the great general organ of propagandism maintained, upheld, supported, eulogized and honored by the clergy of the church I have mentioned ; and because its documents are always easily accessible to any who may wish to examine. These tracts, (which anybody may buy for a few cents at the Society's establishment in Cornhill, Boston,) and in which the unfounded claim above mentioned is not only insinuated, assumed and declared in every possible manner, but taken as the basis of elaborate argument, are an important part of the regular system of operations of that ministry which Mr. Beecher publicly eulogizes as "clean from beginning to end," and clean "in its instruments," probably meaning both its men and its methods.

The second instance I shall give, to show that the men and the system thus eulogized by Mr. Beecher are unclean by reason of divergence from truth, is their assertion, in innumerable sermons, newspapers and magazines, and in the publications of the American Tract Society, that the Bible commands Sunday, the first day of the week, to be observed as a Sabbath.

From the pertinacious adherence of the clergymen in question to this statement, (as also to the other, above mentioned,) it would appear that these two doctrines are considered indispensable parts of

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their system. No doubt these men would naturally, as human beings, and human beings with intelligence and moral sense cultivated in certain directions, prefer to adhere to truth. Since, however, they systematically continue to make the erroneous statements alluded to — evidently trusting that their respectability and their reputation for piety will cause such statements to be received without examination into their merits — it is indispensable that somewhere, and by somebody, those erroneous statements shall be charged upon them, and inquiring minds be referred to some juster statement upon the points in question.

The shifts and contrivances to which these people are obliged to resort, to make plausible their claim that the Bible commands Christians to observe Sunday as a Sabbath, are a good illustration of the well known fact that one divergence from truth leads to another. Assuming to be Christians, they would naturally go first for authority to the Christian Scriptures to prove a doctrine which they allege to be Christian; but, alas, there is not a word in the New Testament commanding Sabbath-keeping as a duty, nor rebuking Sabbath-breaking as a vice. The book contains not a word of injunction about keeping *any* Sabbath; still less any specification of Sunday as *the* Sabbath. So these Christians are obliged to resort to the Hebrew Scriptures for a Christian law! And the following is the process of manufacture.

They first extol the Jewish code of ten commandments as "the moral law," declaring it unchangeable, and of perpetual and universal obligation.

When it is shown in reply that the Hebrew Scriptures themselves represent this code as given to the Jews alone, not to any Gentiles, ancient or modern, and in many places expressly mention the Sabbath as an ordinance peculiar to the Jews, a covenant between them and their God — these Sunday Sabbatarians go still further back among the Hebrew legends, and declare that Sabbath observance was ordained at the creation.

When it is further shown that the one text in Genesis to which they refer as having this purport contains no command to any man to do, or not to do, anything whatever, they fall back again upon their theory of "the moral law," perpetual, universal and unchangeable, alleging further in its support that their Master, Jesus Christ, maintained the obligation of that law, declaring that not one jot or one tittle of it should pass away.

When it is further shown that in that case they themselves are Sabbath breakers, since they pay no regard to the seventh day of the

week, Saturday, the day expressly specified and appointed by the fourth commandment of the Hebrew code, and the day still observed everywhere by the people for whom that code was made — they say that “the day has been changed.”

When they are reminded that it is peculiar and remarkable that an “*unchangeable* MORAL law” should be *changed*, they say that the authority that makes a law is able to alter it.

When they are further asked to show when, where, and in what terms the author of this unchangeable law has changed it, they can show not a single passage of Scripture, although their doctrine is that the Bible contains a full and complete summary of Christian duty. In this exigency, however, they make a new assumption without evidence, and say that “the apostles changed the day.”

When asked further, whether the apostles were the original enactors of that fourth Jewish commandment which they are pretended to have changed, these hard-pushed theorists reply that the apostles had power to do this from their Master, Jesus Christ.

When challenged further to show when, and where, and in what terms, the apostles decreed this change, the Sunday-Sabbatizers are unable to show a single word to this effect from their writings. They say, however, with an air as serious as if they were saying something to the purpose, that — it is several times mentioned that the apostles held meetings with the Christian disciples on the first day of the week! And this fact — which does not imply in the slightest degree that they regarded that day as a Sabbath, or that they claimed it in any manner as separate from the other days of the week, or that they did not go immediately after those meetings to their regular bread-earning occupations, fishing, tent-making, tanning, money-changing, &c. — is the only material in the whole Bible out of which to make a Sunday-Sabbath! And yet these Reverend gentlemen not only declare their Sunday-Sabbath *commanded in the Bible*, but repeat in tracts, sermons, magazine-articles, and “religious” newspapers, every one of the erroneous statements above glanced at, representing them as true, and depending on their own credit for respectability and *piety* to make them received as truth.

It is a general rule (and a practice almost universal) of the clergymen who control the periodical publications which make erroneous statements upon the two points in question, to allow no statement of the opposite side in their columns. For this reason it is desirable, as I have said above, that inquiring minds who, educated in the system called “orthodox,” have traditionally received these doctrines as true, should here be referred to those publications in which authors

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accepting that same orthodox faith have publicly exposed the unsoundness of these particular parts of it. I will therefore mention, in relation to each of these subjects, two publications, proceeding from orthodox authorship, in which the claims above spoken of are distinctly declared, and proved, to be without foundation.

The assumption that the Bible requires Sunday to be observed as a Sabbath is elaborately refuted in Essay V, of the volume by Rt. Rev. Richard Whately, late Archbishop of Dublin, entitled: "Essays on Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul;" and also in a tract called "The Sabbath," written by the late Rev. Henry Grew, Pastor of an Independent Orthodox Church in the city of Philadelphia.

The assumption that the Bible *declares itself* inspired is refuted in an orthodox English book just republished in this country, "Liber Librorum, [the book of books] a Friendly Communication to a Reluctant Sceptic;" and also in a new book by Rev. Dr. T. F. Curtis, late Professor of Theology in the [orthodox] University at Lewisburg, Pa., entitled "The Human Element in the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures."

Persons inquiring on either of the points in question will do well to examine one or both of the works here referred to in regard to it; and, having done this, they will perhaps be better qualified to judge whether the orthodox ministry are "from beginning to end, clean."

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

NOTES.

CHRISTMAS:—A DIFFERENCE.

CLERGYMAN.

I COME to ask you to do something for Jesus.

CITIZEN.

How can I?

CLERGYMAN.

Do you not remember that he says, 'If ye do it unto the least of these ye do it unto me'?

CITIZEN.

Yes, but I don't think he meant the same that you do.

CLERGYMAN.

No? what then?

CITIZEN.

Why, I think he meant to say, If you do a good deed for *any* one, it is just as good as though you do it for me. It is n't for *whom* you do the deed, but whether or not you do it at all.

CLERGYMAN.

But where you do a good deed for one of Christ's poor, you do it for him, do you not?

CITIZEN.

Well, I never could see the straight of that ; in that way, at all events. I don't know what you mean by *Christ's* poor. I don't know that they are his poor more than mine, or yours, if we have a mind to make them so. I act for myself, and where some one needs what help I can give. I should say that the poor instead of being Christ's poor, or any one's especially, were everybody's poor. And I think if this was everybody's feeling there would n't be nearly as many poor as there are. If there was anything I could do for Jesus, I would do it, of course. But he is not now alive — or alive on the earth as we are — and where he needs anything we can do. I don't therefore see why you should ask me if I do not want to do something for *him*.

CLERGYMAN.

But you know what I mean ; or, you would — if —

CITIZEN.

Yes, I know ; but what I say is, that I don't admit that Jesus owns the human race, rich or poor, any more than I do. And when I do anything for a neighbor that is poor, I do it because I *like* to, and not because he or any one asks me to. If not, then —

CLERGYMAN.

You need not finish. I discover your tendencies. You are rapidly drifting into the worst phases of infidelity. I shall take your case greatly to heart, and before the throne of Grace. Your heart is right, but your head —

CITIZEN.

You preach a new gospel — a change of head, instead of heart?

CLERGYMAN.

I see that you are not disposed to —

CITIZEN.

Yes, I am disposed. What is —

CLERGYMAN.

I shall have to bid you good-day. God help you to —

CITIZEN.

But I say that I *am* disposed. What do you want me to do?

CLERGYMAN.

Mrs. Baker — the widow —

CITIZEN.

If you had said widow Baker at the first, we should n't have had our theological controversy. There — take that to her for my part.

CLERGYMAN.

You are very good. I —

CITIZEN.

Good morning !

COUNTER-TENDENCIES.

PROSPECTING.

BALLOTS? MONEY? MUSCLE? What hinders the millennium?

Every one has observed these tendencies. A new civilization is being attempted on the basis of facts and laws discovered through the medium of the senses. Philosophy and Religion share this bias of the time, and descend from ideal paths to the levels of sensuous experience. What is Religion but the healthy enjoyment of all your senses? What is Philosophy? If it is anything, it is Science — *The Science of Things*. For instance: you desire four things; well, twice two things are four things; therefore, you must expect four things on no other terms. That is Philosophy — Scientific Philosophy; practical, and dealing only with what you know. Of course, *things* are, what you want; substantial things; *best* things. He who is made up of the greatest number of *best things* is the best man. No more moonshine!

The problem is America. What a magnificent — but I need not wax eloquent over the continent. The reader is familiar with fine descriptive passages: mountain, forest, prairie, lake and river; coal, iron, copper, silver, gold, oil and granite, — a land perfectly vast, sublime, in heavens above, and in earth beneath, with richest soil, rarest clime: the whole wonderful, glorious, inviting! Come hither

'All races, as snow flakes,'

and build! build! build broad and high and *solid*! Substantial is the word, and on the earth. Here is granite for your use, and gold to pay you; yes, gold enough when we recover from *moonshine*. Good Government, good Money, good Muscle = Health, Wealth, and Happiness! A great land, a great prosperity, a great people, and pleasing society: eat, drink and be merry!

CULTURE.

CULTURE, — a word prized in all circles above any other ; for the problem of Creation appears at length as simply a process of culture, — is many sided, and includes heaven and earth. Everything and everybody, it is now getting to be well understood, is to be improved by *culture*. Applied to human nature in the present age, it marks the advent of the PEOPLE which we behold. The progress of Democracy is but the prevalence of a belief that every life has a value that can be increased. All blood is *royal* — if it pleases. The wave washes from shore to shore, its voice rising higher and higher, shouting, Great are the people — every one of them ! We should not be too critical. The spirit is striving and the flesh is *not* weak. You must pardon much, very much, to the reign of flesh, and be patient ; behold its antics, and say, very good ; even though you add, God speed you to get lean ! The first beginnings of a people in freedom are, doubtless, not to be set down as performances maturely agreed upon. It is their overture, their grand dance and hurrah of emancipation ; their fierce, rough fight for place ; their "pitch in," for *self*, for quickest and largest returns, — quantity always outweighing quality. By this crude naturalism, the demons of ignorance and shame are preparing to take their departure. The spirit moves to liberate a whole nation — world — at once. It often requires a steady nerve to behold the agony of our New-Democracy : every other man starting up a Fenian, or what seems as bad. Perhaps he is right, considering his resources. Perchance Fenianism alone can break the nightmare of despotism !

But the case in America is no longer so desperate as it was, nor as it may yet be elsewhere. We have suffered much, learned something, gained something, it seems : we are considering the problem of culture in its more positive aspects. Bayonets are laid aside it is hoped forever. A time has come for better things, namely ; ballots, money, muscle, general intelligence, reform !

None should experience any loss of faith in the natural resources of human nature because of these tendencies : they indicate the first *natural* aspects of culture. The people say : We are on the earth, let us turn it to account, make the most of it. But we are divided ; each man against his neighbor ; we must associate, and have equal rights : we will make a government and secure them for each and all. We are poor : if we all make money we shall be contented to dwell in peace. We are sick in body, mind and soul : we will begin and reform the body : virtue is in exact ratio to muscle. With government, money, muscle ; the way is open for all noblest pursuits !

HEALTH.

THE GOSPEL OF MUSCLE?

A good lady complains that she has never seen a healthy woman ; she would rather see such a woman five minutes than take a peep into Paradise. But where *outside* of Paradise, pray, will she be able to discover so 'magnificent a human being'? The question of health is by no means one of mere flesh and blood. What the odds if you are able to pit your muscle against a horse's, or walk your hundred miles in twenty-four hours? That is worse than going back to the stage-coach. A man, or a woman, might well be engaged some other way. We have railroads to Chicago, and we know the value of iron and the use of steam. Don't let us be fools above our need. Muscle is something. But it comes to an end. I would leave to the lower animals the high prerogative of muscle. Let that be their inalienable right. The *manly* art of self-defence is a science unknown to the Morrisseys. The body of a man is well used when it tends upon intellect. It is the outer-temple. We want healthy bodies, but healthy *human* bodies. We cannot afford to live for the *sake* of body. We can have no competition with the mere animal. It is time to compete with gods ; with the ideal, on planes of intelligence and love. Instead of displaying muscle or parading about as fine specimens of physical development, let this be a time in which to become invisible : make the high intelligence of humanity preponderate, so that cords of muscle shall be quoted at a very great discount. But, health ! You insist on health. Well, should health mean for a human body the same that it means for the body of an animal ? If man is an animal, the animal should be subordinated. He is really a new being. You cannot say that the properly developed man *is* an animal. Even his body is not animal. It is super-animal. His body is claimed by intellect and soul ; it is refined in the laboratory of spirit, and its normal healthy development creates a flesh and blood purified for higher service than any aimed at by our much vaunted 'physical culture.' Physical culture beyond a certain point is an abomination. No creature presents a sadder spectacle than a *physical* man. He seems to be missing the mark. Creation is outwitted. You behold him in pity and wish he were not. He needs a new birth ! And you pray that the next one may not be of the flesh. America is not doomed to breed a race of physical giants. The mania will die out.

It is said that Plato returned to Athens on one occasion, and found himself intellectually sick with physical health. He was desperate enough to take a boarding place in an infected part of the city, that

he might get well and return to his work. He was at the time engaged in constructing, or in re-constructing, his Republic.

The drift of these remarks has been to suggest that *health* for human beings is an affair not wholly of the body. It is not merely by the observance of certain *physical* laws that the body of *man* is to be kept beautiful and in sweet health. The body can never get beyond the spirit. It can never be better than that. Bear in mind that I am speaking of the body of man, and not of an animal.

But, have I touched a profound subject, set all the doctors against me? I have a suspicion that a few of them have already forsaken flesh and blood and become Doctors of the Spirit; in other words, I suspect that they have become *Spiritualists*. One, certainly, has signified to me that not many ages hence the *Druggists* will have become an extinct race. Their blue and red jars now seen in the windows will be visible only upon the shelves of some museum.

"I should have argued, once,
That the ill body gave me those ill thoughts;
But I have learned that Spirit, though it be
Subtle, and hard to trace, is mightier
Than matter, and I know the poisoned mind
Poisoned its shell."

WEALTH.

I AM able to dismiss this topic in few words.

I would not dignify as WEALTH that of which the busy world could rob me even while I was having one sweet night's sleep. Poor indeed! to be thus the sport of the elements *without*.

Such are the vicissitudes of fortune! If one could remain as wealthy without a penny as with a million of dollars! I know that this sounds absurd, but the more you think of it the less so it will seem. *Think!*

I would not have my WEALTH consist of *things*. I would neither touch, nor smell, nor taste, nor hear, nor see it. If I could *be* it, I should be happy eternally.

My happiness should come unsought. It should be happiness in *security*; fire proof—its own insurance.

Gold is one of the convenient *things*. Keep it under.

"Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatever he touched became gold; and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. Midas had misjudged the celestial music-tones; Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods; the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old fables!"

GOVERNMENT.

THERE was somewhat said in years past about the removal of certain disturbing questions from the political sphere. It occurs to me, as it has to many others, that a practical reform would be the removal of politics itself. At least, to come round with some fixedness of purpose to consider this aspect of the case, would not, I think, be time mispent. As it is, I am confident that we are running both time and temper greatly to waste. Is there nothing better than voting each other down? Is an election really an affair as sublime as we have supposed it to be? Is it exceedingly honorable to human nature that we must needs select officers? Officers enforce and represent the majesty of the laws. But I do not much care for the majesty of the laws. There are laws already which it is folly to resist. And poor commendation that we feel obliged to re-enact them. The eternal laws have a majesty which does not offend. Some vagabond boys, deliberating over the merits of Boston, agreed that it was a big thing that the city had got such "bully policemen." When the President came along the scene was undoubtedly for them something utterly sublime and bewildering. It is observed that the trees have the same inclinations as the bending twigs. Older heads exhibit no keener sense of the sublime.

Undoubtedly the importance of Governments is exaggerated, and we are conducting in republican democratic America, a system altogether too pretentious and extravagant for any present need. It would be much better to reduce politics to the simplest form of business. It should be thrust into the back-ground like kitchen work. Pay the President good wages, let him black his own boots, and ride in what car he pleases, as other gentlemen do. It is a vicious habit we have of bestowing honors upon each other. A mean man deserves none, and a worthy man should be above them. Instead of making political station a port of personal ambition, entitling them to special attention, or triumphal processions, good men should emulate the virtues of Lincoln, for instance, and say, "It's a vast big job." *Job* is precisely the word: not a sublime thing, not a lovely thing, but a job. Do it, but do not boast. Boast rather when the job is done; when we are obliged no more either to be governed or to govern. Political affairs are at best but a remedy for an evil; a remedy to check the ravages of evil, but utterly impotent to effect a cure. They should be seen as such, and treated as such. It would simplify matters very much, if our elections could occur at a longer period from each other. If good and able men can be discovered who are willing to make the sacrifice and act as our legislators and

executive officers, and keep their posts for life, or during good behavior, let us be grateful, honoring them with our confidence because they are skilled, so far as any can be, to keep the scales of justice even. But under the prevailing system it is folly to speak of statesmanship. Statesmanship is not encouraged, it is not permitted. It must become politic in the shameful meanings of that term — and — succeed by failure. That is, the politicians succeed, while statesmen remain private citizens. It is complained that the best men stand aloof from politics. What else can they do? What chance of success have they in a wrangle for place and power? To enter such a contest they must become second, third, and fourth best. It is not the disposition of masses of people as yet to forecast the future. They sow and reap the same day; and what they reap is fit but for the day. Their grasp is short, and they are conservative of small interests. Let them stand apart for a season and be obliged to *scheme* less, their horizon will expand, and somewhat nobler possess them. Elections occurring every other day are enough to demoralize any people. Ballots are something, but they cut both ways like some other weapons. We need to insist that the business of politics shall give us the least possible trouble. We want repose, peace, opportunity for more substantial and cheering results. Now we are doing little else than building, patching, fretting, calculating about the *machinery* of government, and voting for some one to keep it in motion. It is a dreary and withal, profitless task. It is confessing that the temple is more than the soul within, the body more than meat.

Permit the politicians to come to an end by neglect. Hawthorne has fitly described them as men whose "hearts wither away, and die out of their bodies." He further describes them as "machines." It requires a tremendous drain upon the wealth of the land, both spiritual and material, to keep such "machines" in motion. We want to get rid of superfluities. We want to forego superfluous work. Civilization is the art of doing less. So much ado for nothing! There is no doubt about the truth of that part of the prayer which runs, 'we have done those things which we *ought not* to have done.' The gain is not to do more things, but fewer and better. The patience of the people must long ago have been exhausted had they not believed that there was no other method whereby they could be saved. It will be much better when they turn to saving themselves. We shall give the idea of self-government its highest import when our attention is turned in this direction. 'I will do of my own accord what the wise law would compel me to do.' You wish we might get on without fighting with bayonets. I wish we might without fighting even with bits of paper!

"But the Millennium has not arrived."

"Permit mankind to suppose that it has arrived in you."

"I need protection to my person and property."

"It shall be to you according to your faith in your own weapons."

"I hardly see that."

"And that is precisely the trouble all around. But if we should give ourselves less trouble about *protecting* ourselves, and become more trustful of the better side of humanity, do you not think we should obtain a different result? It is so rarely done that it seems rather fanciful. But look over your list of your acquaintances. You remember A——: he is in constant turmoils of excitement *protecting* himself. I know of no one who obtains so little peace. And some of those with whom he has most trouble, I find to be as agreeable even as he is himself. But I know there is in all this what you regard as *moonshine*, and that you would enjoy having a gang of robbers get after me and mine, even though they could find little to satisfy them. We will discuss the matter again some other time. Meantime, let us insist that *government* be accomplished with as little fuss as possible, and pray without ceasing ——"

"For the Millennium?"

"Yes, call it that if you choose."

THE DIVIDING LINE.

It is very difficult to preserve a spiritual rectitude. The temptations for a departure were never stronger than now. The privacy of the soul is invaded from every quarter. Spiritual laws are not only distrusted but are flatly denied to have any reality in nature. There is no faith in aught but material force. Whoso retires from the whirl of the times — *skulks*. The missionaries have a plan; they know it will work. Will you step into the harness? No? Then it is a selfish part you are acting, your light is going out under a bushel. The difficulties are largely increased by the fact that the pleaders for organization are often persons of the best intentions, and their aims are, they assure you, the highest. Do they not propose a good work, and a practical work? Your privacy, and your dreaming are absolutely inconsequent. You are brushed aside and overthrown with the slightest whiff of satanic breath. You alone? and each of us alone? The enemy will vanquish us all in detail. But if we combine, display our colors, sound blast on blast from the trump of the Spirit, we shall rally the spiritual forces of the age and turn the tide of battle. Come, why isolate ourselves, and leave the field to the foe? It is a stout heart, an invulnerable faith that resists this appeal. The most

eminent are persuaded into compromise if not into hearty cooperation. The idealist is fairly by this enthusiasm smoked out of his attic, and forth he comes, with what grace of mien he can, to speak in the reform meeting, and cheer on the world's new Chariot of Zion. Is it not quite remarkable that these solitary, unpractical, unsocial beings, these men of no force in the community, are the very ones most sought for, when the practical, enthusiastic company new formed for the redemption of the race, wish to launch their enterprise, or when it lags and they have to revive it? Somehow it occurs that a word from one of the unpractical sort goes as if shot from a bow straight to its mark. Their sanction has a kind of omnipotence in it, which the tenders on the machinery are delighted to avail themselves of. This fact seems to argue that the Idealist or Spiritualist should retain at whatever cost his seat of power. His strength lies in his reserve. He does not communicate as others. His message looses its import when he is urged into sending it over their wires. He has nothing to do with shooting people, with forcing or winning them over to his side. The ways and means are in nature; in the dispositions of men, and in their necessities. There is a freedom of selection which belongs to mankind that he must respect. If he has been able to produce anything for them, they will come to him for it. Let him turn himself into a pedlar, and they will say, he comes with *trash*. History vindicates him if he stays at home. The present moment would also, if men were able to trace the sources of power, and measure what influence it is that is prevailing.

The lesson would seem to be that spiritual laws must not only be spiritually discerned, but that there is also a spiritual *method* by which they are to be communicated. And just here the real division occurs. The line does not run between different sects, or parties. It does not divide the world into orthodox and liberal, trinitarian and unitarian, nor radical and conservative. The division lies between spirit and matter, Spiritualist and Materialist.

BOOK NOTICES.

WOMAN. THE COLLEGE, THE MARKET, AND THE COURT, or Woman's Relation to Education, Labor, and Law. By CAROLINE H. DALL. Lee & Shephard. 1867.

WHEN the Emancipation Proclamation set the seal upon the confident hope of Anti-Slavery men, a good lady was heard to say, "How I envy the Abolitionists now, they are having such good times. In the very next reform I mean to begin at the beginning, that I may have as much delight in its success." The dear good woman perhaps does not even now recognize some infant Hercules who is strangling the snakes that seek to destroy him.

While this most imperative but partial reform has absorbed the attention of statesmen and philanthropists, a far deeper and more vital question has been working its way into the hearts and minds of men, until we are astonished at the proportions it suddenly assumes, and the strength which is enlisted on the side of reform. The claims and position of woman which thirty years ago formed a sure mark for ridicule and abuse, have now become the great question to which it is clear that civilization must give a right answer before it can go forward in its triumphant course. Begin now, good friends if you wish to rejoice in the end, for it is so clear that great triumphs will shortly be won, that we almost lose our interest in the game, and are inclined to turn to sweet and congenial work, perhaps forgetting the toil and battle yet needed before the end will be gained. Who believed thirty years ago that Female Suffrage would be now a prominent question before the Constitutional Convention of New York, and gravely discussed by the Parliament of Great Britain?

But while we are clear in our demand and sure of our victory on many practical points, behind these lie great problems which concern the deepest springs of life to which no solution seems yet possible. Emerson counts sex among those questions to which we hardly yet hope for an answer. Yet we plainly see that it is a grand leading law of the Universe.

Duality, Union resulting in a new product unlike either, yet partaking of the properties of both, is the marriage law which shows itself in the great Cosmic forces of the Universe, and in the mechanic powers which control dead matter; in Chemical relations which already take the name of affinities; in the varied and beautiful relations of vegetable life, until at last in animate nature we have the full recognition of sex symbolizing still higher spiritual laws. Shall we go yet farther and ask if there is sex in souls? Coleridge dogmatically asserts it with a severe anathema on all who disbelieve, but we ask to be excused from entering on so abstruse a question until we have decided a little better what is a soul and what is sex.

Looking at the subject of Woman's Right from a philosophical standpoint, our great interest is that by the clearing away of barriers we shall

come to know what man and woman really are, what are their true relations, and what are the greater possibilities of development for both. The suffering Negro's release from the whip and chain is not the best result of Emancipation, but the new testimony to the Unity of Human Nature, and the differing, but equal gifts of the races. Schoolmen may prate of the negro's skull and foot indicating inferiority, the Freedmen's school settles that question very soon.

Are we yet ready to say what is the true position of the sexes in all the varied relations of life? Nobody would accept the condition of woman in past ages. All are tenacious of what has been gained for woman, and man too, however unwilling to risk anything in the hope of future improvement. All we ask now, therefore is, that civil and political disabilities being removed, woman may reveal her true nature, and the relation of the sexes may be adjusted on that natural "Law whose seat is the bosom of God."

We find no fault, therefore, with Mrs. Dall, that she has mainly ignored the deep problems of sex, and treating her subject historically and practically, is, as she confesses, very suggestive, but by no means exhaustive in her statements.

The very title limits her aim. The College, the Market, and the Court, are but the outposts of a Woman's life, within these are the Temple and the Home, especially needing her presence and her power.

It is the common cry of all Anti-Woman's Rights preachers, that woman should be content in her home, assuming that Home as at present existing is a perfect institution, radiating an influence always potent and always for good. But the Home is no better in proportion than the Church or the Market. Many a man learns his meanness and selfishness there.

"Oh I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart,"

is true of many a mother. The Home always has a sacred charm for us, from its Divine Organ, as we always rejoice in marriage, though we know how imperfect are the unions over which we have exchanged congratulations.

But on the lowest plane, what waste of material in our homes! What consequent disorder, poverty, discomfort. What sacrifice of health from ignorance of sanitary and physiological laws! What irritable invalidism in the mother, what turbulent unrest in the children! How discordant and ill adjusted the relation between mistress and servant. Woman needs a larger, freer, physical development, a more thorough mental education, a more vitalized existence before we shall find her greater, and more efficient in her home. If we did not believe that the right of suffrage, the custom of labor, and the privileges of education would bear rich fruit here, we should not claim them as we do now.

Mrs. Dall's intellectual ambition which early led her to such a rich and varied culture has been turned into a noble channel. For many years she has labored by her writings and her lectures for various philanthropic movements specially connected with the cause of Woman. Her books have

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been widely read, and French and German friends of the cause are translating them for circulation in their own countries.

Few women can speak and write the English language as concisely and clearly as she can. There is little danger of mistaking her meaning or misapprehending her statements. Her book is thoroughly readable, a first requisite where the object is to influence others. Yet, with much apparent method and nicety of expression, there is a want of organic order in the development of her thought. Her long course of *Belles Lettres* study, especially in Biography, has given her possession of an amount of curious information which she uses a little too freely. The number and variety of her illustrations confuse the mind. As facts they are valuable, but when not subordinated to the main purpose, they dissipate rather than strengthen the impression she wishes to make. In her preface she says :

"I have tried to keep my work within the compass of my ability, and without seeking rigid exactness of detail, to apply common sense and right reason to problems which beset every woman's path."

We wonder that so patient and industrious a worker should have shrunk from the effort after rigid exactness of detail. Frequent inaccuracy in minor matters mars the impression of more important assertions. Generous readers may forgive much, but skeptics will take the opportunity of rejecting many truths if they find one error. Surely after nine years of revision, Mrs. Dall should not have printed such nonsense as this on the 232d page.

"I looked through Boston in vain, the other day, to find a common dish mop large enough to suit my purpose. There was no such thing to be found. Taking up one of the slender tassels offered me, I inquired its history, and was informed that it was imported from France. The one I had been trying to replace had been made by some skilful Yankee hand for a Ladies' Fair. Now, what are our poor women doing, that they cannot compete with this French trumpery, and give us at least dish mops fit for use."

We do not know what Brobdignag proportions Mrs. Dall's crockery may require, but ordinary housekeepers find no difficulty in supplying themselves at the Furnishing Stores with excellent mops which pay no duty of importation.

A slight vein of personality renders her book less pleasing, and provokes animosity. Touches of autobiography are charming when delicately veiled as in Margaret Fuller's delightful episodes, but a frequent reference to private relations detracts from the simplicity and dignity of her style.

But in general her views are large and sagacious, although we are forced to differ from her in some points where she seems inconsistent with herself, or in regard to the expediency of some practical suggestions. Yet her work is of great value. It is a storehouse of fact, anecdote and suggestion. It stimulates thought, and will give welcome light to many an anxious seeker. Were it less able we should not care for its faults, but one who can do so much leaves us discontented with imperfect work.

Let us look a little into the subject-matter of the book.

The first three lectures on the College discuss the question of "The Christian Demand and the Public Opinion." "How public opinion is made, and the meaning of the Lives that have moulded Public Opinion."

These chapters are full of curious and delightful information. Many distinguished persons are named with nice discrimination, and the generous praise which she gives to women laboring to the same end as herself is very pleasing to the heart. But it is not a full treatise on Woman's need or prospects of Education, and we should like to see that subject ably treated, showing how it fails at present to meet her peculiar needs, and what should be asked for her in the future. In the appendix she partly supplies this want by her interesting accounts of both Oberlin and Vassar College, describing the admirable opportunities these institutions offer to women. Indeed in merely literary studies, the career seems fairly open now, and there are many encouraging signs of progress in scientific pursuits. Young women stood side by side with young men in the Chemical Class at the Technological Institute, last winter, and the experiment produced no explosions more dangerous than from the union of oxygen and hydrogen. The women could not hear the lectures, however! Perhaps they did not need them.

Taking the average of New England, probably the literary culture of woman is higher than that of man. The girls remain longer at school than boys who must go to trades or business, and they have afterwards greater leisure for intellectual pursuits. "The glorious phalanx of old maids,"—"I thank thee, Hebrew, for that word,"—keeps alive the light of literature as of science. The plan of Mr. Sewall to have women serve on school committees to which Mrs. Dall refers, is of great importance not only to the women, but to the schools. In many towns it is very difficult to find men qualified to serve. If they are fit, their business absorbs their time and attention. But everywhere may be found women of thought and education, who have probably been teachers themselves, and who as mothers, aunts or sisters, have a personal interest in the schools.

It seems hardly worth while to dwell so much on the influence of Classic Literature as the source of the low idea of Woman, when it runs through all literature because it has been a leading idea in all the past. We must seek its origin somewhere in Human Nature. It can come only from her inferiority in physical strength. As the powerful few have everywhere made the feeble many serve for their gratification, so wherever physical power is the ruling force man has enslaved and brutalized woman. As he has advanced in his appreciation of intellectual joys, and has found in her the gratification of this desire also, he has raised her along with him. And always the sentiment of love, the ennobling influence of passion has contended with this animal instinct of force, and has saved women from utter degradation, producing the anomaly of the worship of the individual as a Divinity, and the tyranny over the mass as slaves.

There are brave and noble words in this chapter. It required courage in any woman to vindicate the fair fame of Mary Woolstonecraft. Mrs. Dall has done it ably, and we trust that her verdict will stand against all objectors. Her criticisms on the women who have helped to mould public opinion, from Maria Edgeworth to Miss Muloch are mainly just. But why has she omitted the name of Mad. Dudevant from this list? That she

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has committed errors in social life may be truer than we could wish, yet the vindicator of Mary Woolstonecraft can hardly condemn by common report. At any rate her influence on public opinion both in France and America is very great. She has studied every phase of woman's life, and if she has given us some nightmare fancies of passion which seem born of fever and madness, she has also portrayed in *Consuelo* and *Yseult* the very noblest types of woman, in the one case largely developed by every form of experience, and in the other raised to moral sublimity by intellectual culture and consecration to high aims. Why does Mrs. Dall dismiss such a woman in a paragraph like this?

"Sometimes, like George Sand, these women break loose from social ties, test the world themselves, and when they have squeezed the orange which looked so tempting, show to others the empty, bitter rind, and return gladly to the daily bread of Divine Ordinance."

Such language may mean anything or nothing, but we see no fitness in its application to George Sand.

The second division of the book takes up the most important and the most difficult subject, that of labor. It necessarily involves many questions, belonging to the general principles of political economy, as well as to the peculiar subject of Woman. It is full of important statistics illustrating the positions that women can do many things even better than men, that their wages for work of equally good quality are much lower than those of men, and that thousands are driven to dishonor by their inability to procure the necessaries of life by other means. There is great truth in all these propositions. We shall not enter upon the last, because it is a subject of such vital and immense importance, that it should be handled with the greatest wisdom and care.

Mrs. Dall finds one great source of these evils in the false idea of labor, which makes it a misfortune if not a degradation for woman to enter into fair business competition, and support herself by her own work. There is one natural fact which complicates the question of woman's adaptation to certain professions. It does not touch her right and duty to support herself, but it modifies her position in regard to labor. If Woman has her normal life as wife and mother, some twenty vigorous years must be largely devoted to the care of her household, the rearing and education of her children. This peculiar work of woman's is not considered as it should be as productive industry. To raise cotton or sheep is good, to raise citizens is better. She needs all the physical strength which out-door labor and gymnastics can give her, all the intellectual training which Vassar College can afford, and all the moral dignity which only the sense of public duty and the responsibility of suffrage will impart to fit her for this work. Imagine such a woman mistress of a household. Would she not order her affairs more wisely, rear her children more judiciously, be a truer helpmate to her husband than the puny woman whose life is one long invalidism, and who brings to the varied and complicated interests of home life only an empty mind and a frivolous heart. Instinct is a great matter, and serves Indians and bees admirably, but in the world of civilization and railroads reason

and education are as important. But a woman thus laboring should be recognized as equal partner in work as in love. Perhaps, a man who took his wife from a business bringing in five or ten thousand a year might recognize the pecuniary worth of her domestic services. But it is really because such labor is inestimable and transcends all measure that it has fallen into contempt. It is Pegasus in the Market. But until this woman's work is recognized as a great, nay as the most important of human work, it will not come into true relation with other callings. In fact it need not and often does not prevent success in other professions. Artists, physicians, actors, singers, have been also good wives and mothers.

But unless we are prepared to accept the doctrine that all women are wards of the state, and that the public are bound to support them handsomely when there is neither father nor husband to do so, there remains a very large class of women who must support themselves and who ought to have every hindrance taken away that they may do so honorably and freely. The advance of opinion on this subject is so great and so constant that we feel it hardly necessary to argue it farther. Let all persons interested in it study Mrs. Dall's book carefully and they will find much food for thought. School committees are gravely reporting against accepting one thousand dollars worth of labor for six hundred and fifty because the laborer is a woman. Yet the change must be gradual. The school committee do not feel justified in paying one thousand dollars when many others equally qualified would gladly take the place at seven hundred. But as woman's superiority in any department is recognized, she will be able to claim its rewards. Fanny Kemble and Jenny Lind have large prices for their work. And then how sadly we must confess that in the conduct even of well meaning women there lies a great difficulty. They cannot forget the nonsense talked about them, and half believe they are divinities who ought to be fed on ambrosia, instead of human beings earning their daily bread. The strict discipline of the factory is a hard but needed training school. And then of those trades, entirely in the hands of women, how poorly is the work done, for the want of thorough business habits. Dress-making, for instance, is entirely under her control. A really good dressmaker can command plenty of work and high prices, yet it is so difficult to get such work promptly and skilfully done at *fixed* prices, that ladies are proposing a combination establishment for their relief. We wish Mrs. Dall had given one of her bright sketches of the "perfect dressmaker" whom Boston once knew. In speaking of carving, &c., on page 228, Mrs. Dall says :

"Should any young girl be tempted by my words into this career, I hope she will not give her carvings to indifferent friends, but carry them into the market at once, and let them bring their price, that she may know her own value and that of the work !"

This is excellent advice, which we strongly commend to young ladies studying any branch of art. But in the appendix, p. 454, she says :

"We must strive to develop a public sentiment which will stamp with

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ignominy any women, who, in comfortable country homes, compete with the workwomen of great cities. There are thousands of wealthy farmers' wives to-day, who just as much drive other women to sin and death as if they led them with their own hands to the houses in which they are ultimately compelled to take refuge. Still further, it has come to be known to me, that in Boston, and I am told in New York, also, wealthy women, *who do not even do their own sewing*, have the control of the finer kinds of fancy work, dealing with the stores which sell such work, under various disguises. *I cannot prove these words*, but they will strike conviction to the hearts of the women themselves, and I wish them to have some significance for men; for if these women had the pocket-money which their taste and position require, they would never dream of such competition. One thing these men should know, that such women are generally known to their employers, and their domestic relations are judged accordingly."

These are heavy charges, harshly put, and to our mind this is the most painful and mischievous passage in the whole book, and liable to do more harm to the cause of woman and her work, than all the opposition of its bitterest foes could accomplish in many a year. We do not say this to blame Mrs. Dall personally, for her opinion is shared by many wise and noble women. It is an error of the head, and one so common and so mischievous, that no better service can be done than refuting it. We wish the task were in abler hands, for political economy is not our province, but at least we will try to establish our protest, and to excite others to thought upon the subject.

In the present condition of civilization, no change in labor can take place without some individuals suffering thereby. The power loom and the sewing machine throw many out of employment, they end in producing the necessities of life in greater abundance, so that all are enriched thereby. Every consumer who produces nothing impoverishes the world. Every producer enriches it. Now the false idea of labor is the supposition that it is honorable to consume, ignoble to produce. Women try to escape from work because they see that what are called the higher classes shun and despise it as ignoble. If they are told it is *immoral* also for the already wealthy (or seemingly wealthy) to work for money, will they not despise it still more? If it be true that this sale of fancy work, for money, is carried on stealthily, what does it show but that there is a false shame about doing it openly. If a woman has taste and leisure for fancy work, for which she receives pay, and thereby puts out her own plain sewing to others, is she not doing precisely what is most needful to establish a better feeling and condition of labor? The woman who does the plain sewing probably has no skill for the fancy work, but she gets her pay for the sewing from the proceeds of the other's sales. It is precisely what we wish every woman of talent would do in various departments. It is said that Harriet Beecher Stowe found housekeeping very irksome, while writing was delightful. A friend said to her, "Why do you not devote your time to writing, and hire a housekeeper?" It was done, and we have Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the Pearl of Orr's Island. Is the poor literary hack who hopes to get bread by her story for the magazine, hurt by it? No, on the contrary, it is easier for every woman to write for money, and her work is better paid because of her

success. But Mrs. Dall probably refers to a lower class of handiwork also, which is done in country homes instead of by the tenants of the miserable hovels of a city. Is it good for the workwomen of a city that they should live in these, and work for ten or twenty cents a day, when there is land enough and work enough elsewhere in the world? Is not the most important thing in the world for them to be led to better work which will develop them more, and pay them better? Now if the work can be done in country homes so that it is profitable there, will not a great many more stay in country homes? And if the money received for the work is above what the workers need for the necessities of life, will it not be spent for something which the poor will be called upon to produce, and for which they will receive better wages? For instance, women who find they can profitably employ their leisure hours in sewing, will put out their washing, or their house cleaning, which employs a class of women who do that well, and who sew very badly. Or they spend the surplus in dress, calling for more weavers in factories; or in books, so that more girls can go into printing offices; or in colored photographs, and the demand for women in that pleasant and profitable work is increased. Again, we are told that the wages for common sewing are low, because it is done by those driven to it by necessity; but if the wages are too low, will not these intelligent farmer's wives and daughters soon find out there is something more profitable to be done, and so demand higher wages, or give up the work. Nothing contributes more to the general welfare of a community than a home industry which employs the spare hours of the women and children. We cannot support our assertion by statistics, but we think any one familiar with New England life in the towns where shoe-making, straw braiding, silk skeining, and similar work is done in families, will endorse it. We wish every woman of mature age, whose domestic labors do not rightly occupy all the working hours of the day, would feel called upon to employ them in some remunerative occupation. Are they missionaries, or agents of benevolent enterprises, where the work is such as men ordinarily receive a salary for, we wish they would receive it, though, like many of our wealthy ministers, it were only to take with one hand and give with the other. The higher the grade of work the better, so they will raise all other workwomen up with them; but let them do something well, even though it be of the poorest and humblest work. At present, individuals must suffer in the great competition. Men do so as well as women. When we are far wiser and nobler than now, we trust there may be co-operative industry which will bless all, but until then charity must come in to relieve individual cases which have suffered from changes for general good. We must be tender to those who fall back, stragglers from the great army of progress, and with a compassion that does not degrade them, help them to start again on their toilsome way.

Mrs. Dall sums up her practical suggestions by proposing the establishment of three or four institutions. p 245.

1st. A Training School for Servants.

2d. A Public, but Self-supporting Laundry.

3d. A Ready-Made Clothes Room.

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4th. A Knitting Factory.

The Boston Social Science Association discussed the subject of a training school for servants, last winter, and it was left in the hands of a Committee. The present very imperfect condition of domestic service, certainly demands a remedy, and we hope thoughtful women will try what improvements can be made.

A self-supporting laundry seems a very feasible project. If ingenious labor saving machines can be introduced, washing can surely be done in a large laundry at prices which will free economical families from the discomforts of washing day, besides affording the poor greater opportunities of cleanliness, and better wages to the washerwomen. We do not agree with Mrs. Dall that it should be a government institution. It is dangerous to let government meddle with labor.

We think the ready-made clothes room may be safely trusted to private enterprise. There is progress in this direction. Women's sacks, water proof garments, muslin and lace spencers, linen collars and sleeves, and other articles, are now often bought ready-made, at a cost but little, if any more than that of hiring them made in the house. Why there are no stores for the sale of plain substantial ready-made house-garments, is, because those women who wear them have not yet found out how they can put their time to better use *pecuniarily* than in making them, and so cannot pay prices which will allow a profit on conducting the business.

A knitting factory does not seem to us important, but Mrs. Dall has perhaps given the subject more attention than we have.

But these practical questions will not be settled by books or reviews. Give thought free play, take off all restrictions from labor, and they will gradually be rightly adjusted.

The Court, is a concise and able statement of the laws of France, England, and America, as regards women, principally concerning the subjects of Property, Marriage, and Divorce. The root of the whole matter is in the suffrage question. Let woman's right to an equal voice in the decision of the material interests of the world be acknowledged, and there will be discussion and final settlement of these questions on a right basis. The subject of Divorce is of such intrinsic difficulty, that it will hardly be thoroughly adjusted until the millennium. The sacred affections and delicate sensibilities of the Marriage Relation cannot be measured by the clumsy machinery of the law. We only ask of it to act impartially by both sexes, and to leave moral and spiritual relations to their own remedies and compensations.

By her frequent affectionate reference to Margaret Fuller, and her brief, but kind notice of Eliza W. Farnham, a comparison is suggested between Mrs. Dall's work, and those of her two gifted contemporaries. Her book is richer in detail and more direct in its practical application than either of theirs, but it lacks their charm and inspiration. Margaret Fuller's "Woman" is a heroic psalm, which raises life to a lofty plane which should stimulate her to all effort and all nobleness. She respected material economies, but she did not love them, and it was to woman as an intelligence that she

appealed. The Muse was her favorite type of woman. Yet her demand was as ample as her ideal was lofty. When asked what salary should be paid her as a teacher, she replied, "The highest in the State. What does your Governor have?"

Mrs. Farnham's book is vitiated by the extravagant length to which she carries the theory of woman's superiority. As has been said, she does not leave nobleness enough in man to justify woman in loving him. But her insight into the depths of woman's nature, and especially her recognition of the beauty and rich possibilities of what she calls the "post maternal period," are very beautiful. We miss these qualities in Mrs. Dall's book, as we do her varied literary culture in Mrs. Farnham's. We do not find our ideal of woman there.

We must indulge ourselves in this connection by saying a word of Michelet, who receives severe condemnation from Mrs. Dall, as well as from the press generally. Michelet is a rhapsodist, as has been said. "He imagines history, he imagines insects, he imagines woman." His theories may be often wrong, his facts inaccurate, his philosophy vague, yet in his books we catch the secret of the life he portrays.

"I feel grateful to any man," said a woman, whose long married life had been most sweet and happy, "for so comprehending a woman's heart." His preface to "*L'Oiseau*," giving an account of his own wife and their mutual studies is as charming as his picture of the bird shaping the nest by her own breast.

We are glad of the service Mrs. Dall has done. She has labored long and earnestly. We accept and honor the needful axe that hews the way, the useful trowel and the spade which works at the foundation, though we seek elsewhere for the Divine plan on which the Temple is builded. E. C.

CRITICAL AND SOCIAL ESSAYS * consists of articles reprinted from *THE NATION*. Some of them are capital, treating of topics of great importance and handling these topics very satisfactorily. If some are not so good, we should perhaps wait for the second instalment of choice articles from *THE NATION* before taking the liberty to find fault. A journal such as *THE NATION* attempts to become cannot be made in a day. It would be easy to point out its failures, but we prefer, rather to ask attention to the fact that it steadily improves. The difficulty in our country of securing support for a journal which aims at popular culture more than at popular entertainment is almost insufferable.

FATHERS AND SONS * is a novel quite up to the mark of the current literature of that sort. As the work of a Russian author, it naturally excites attention, as few Americans are accustomed to connect literature with Russia. The signs multiply that human nature in all its varieties, will find nearly the same path of activity, and achieve similar results of effort. **FATHERS AND SONS** will be read for its human, not less than for its Russian, interest, because it sketches, with much power, situations of life and developments of character which are peculiar to no single land. T.

* Leypoldt & Holt.